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CROTALUS

RATTLESNAKE BAR, SIERRAS.

By Bret Harte.

NO life in earth, or air, or sky;
The sunbeams, broken silently,
On the bared rocks around me lie—

Bared rocks, with half-warmed lichens scarred,
And scales of moss; and scarce a yard
Away, one little strip, yellow-barred.

Lost in a cleft. 'Tis but a stride
To reach it, thrust its roots aside,
And lift it on thy stick astride.

Yet stay! That moment is thy grace!
For round thee, thrilling air and space,
A chattering terror fills the place—

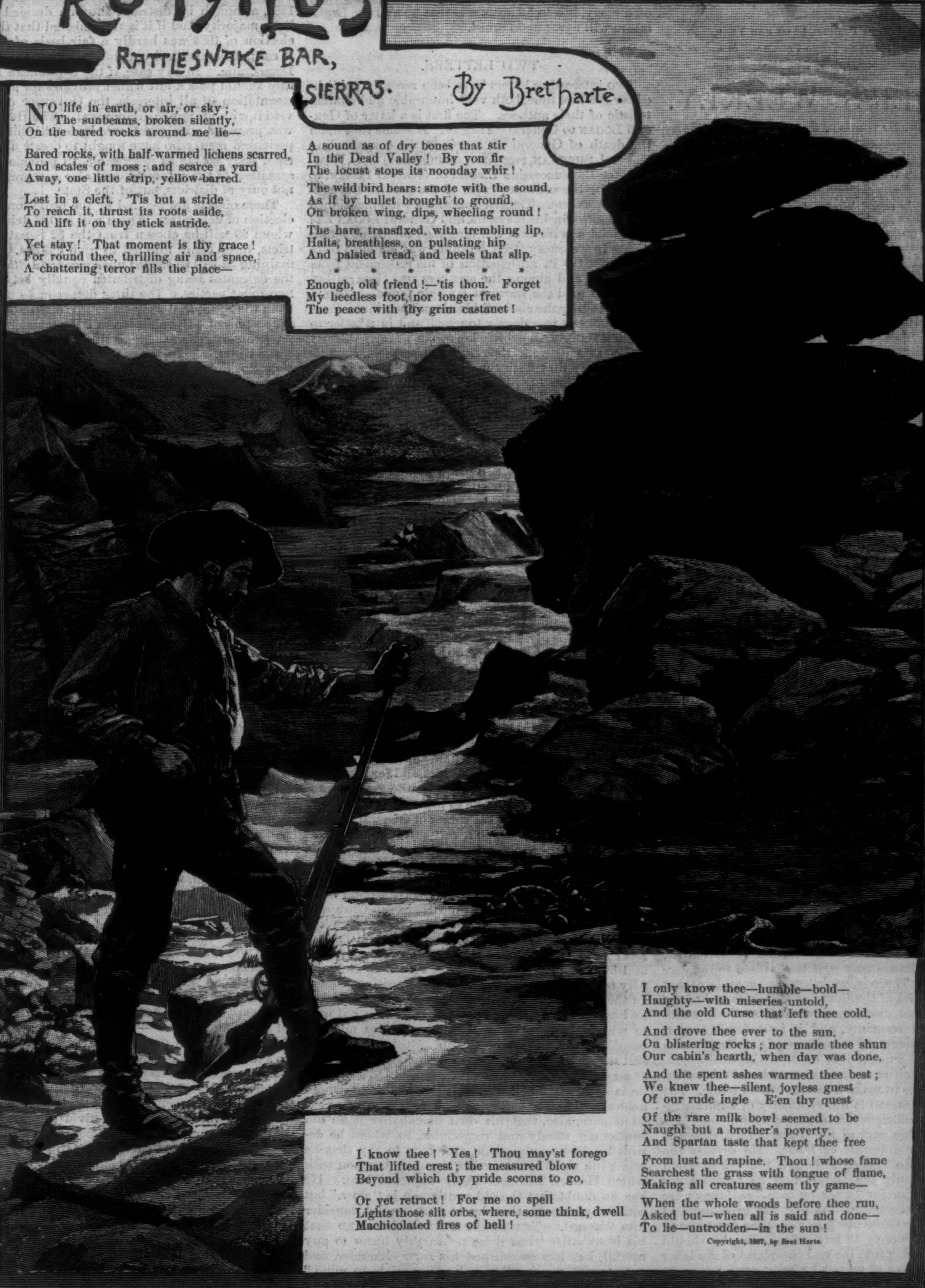
A sound as of dry bones that stir
In the Dead Valley! By yon fir
The locust stops its noonday whir!

The wild bird hears: smote with the sound,
As if by bullet brought to ground,
On broken wing, dips, wheeling round!

The hare, transfixed, with trembling lip,
Halts, breathless, on pulsating hip
And palsied tread, and heels that slip.

* * * * * *

Enough, old friend!—'tis thou. Forget
My heedless foot, nor longer fret
The peace with thy grim castanet!



I know thee! Yes! Thou may'st forego
That lifted crest; the measured blow
Beyond which thy pride scorns to go,

Or yet retract! For me no spell
Lights those slit orbs, where, some think, dwell
Machicolated fires of hell!

I only know thee—humble—bold—
Haughty—with miseries untold,
And the old Curse that left thee cold,

And drove thee ever to the sun,
On blistering rocks; nor made thee shun
Our cabin's hearth, when day was done,

And the spent ashes warmed thee best;
We knew thee—silent, joyless guest
Of our rude ingle. E'en thy quest

Of the rare milk bowl seemed to be
Naught but a brother's poverty,
And Spartan taste that kept thee free

From lust and rapine. Thou! whose fame
Searchest the grass with tongue of flame,
Making all creatures seem thy game—

When the whole woods before thee run,
Asked but—when all is said and done—
To lie—untrodden—in the sun!

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1887.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Publication of the second instalment of "The Crusade of the 'Excelsior,'" by BRET HARTE, *is unavoidably postponed by the failure of the copy to arrive up to the time of going to press.*

GOVERNOR HILL'S MESSAGE.

GOVERNOR HILL'S Message to the New York Legislature renews all his previous recommendations which have not been adopted, and suggests others, the chief of which relate to the labor question and the Constitutional Convention. Throughout the Message there is a curious form of expression, chosen apparently to avoid the use of the personal pronoun. If the Governor wishes to express his opinion, instead of saying "I think," he says, "it is believed"; and instead of "I submit," he says, "it is submitted." The direct phrase, however, is more agreeable and exact, and it does not imply conceit. There is much that is commendable in the Governor's suggestions concerning a city charter. He would give the Mayor more extensive powers, and concentrate responsibility in the departments. The Mayor, he thinks, should have absolute power of removal for cause of all department officers appointed by him, and the Governor's approval should not be required. This is the method to which our increasing experience steadily tends, and this is the general principle of the Governor's recommendations regarding methods of administration. But his remark that many offices which are now appointive should be made elective is inconsistent with this principle and unwise. The people have a surer hold of a large number of minor offices when they can fix the responsibility of administration upon one officer. In the city the larger the number of elective officers the less the people know of them.

The abolition of the Board of Regents of the University, of the State Board of Charities, and of the State Board of Health, and the substitution of single officers for them, are recommendations of very great importance. The Governor thinks that the abolition of the Board of Regents is especially desirable both to secure unity in the supervision of the educational interests of the State, and individual responsibility for the discharge of great functions. Upon this subject there are two obvious points to be heeded. One is the fact of the actual economy and efficiency of the present system, and the other the better method of a change, if change be found to be desirable. Changes of this significance fall appropriately within the range of the deliberations of the Constitutional Convention, and the Legislature may well leave them to the care of that body. There is, we believe, no complaint that the special duties of the Board of Charities and of the Regents are not discharged with great fidelity and efficiency and economy, and it is a fair question whether the theoretical advantage of a unified system of educational supervision, or of a single Superintendent of Charities or Health, would be so signal an improvement as to make a change worth while. The object of a statesman is not symmetry of administrative form, but efficiency of administration.

A considerable part of the Governor's Message is devoted to the interests of labor. He divides the community into classes, although the Constitution contemplates only the people, and he recommends special legislation for "working-men," as if they were the wards of the State. Among the grievances of those wards the Governor justly cites the great wrong of the use of money to buy office. But he should have said directly that the real complaint of the labor interest is the use of money by great corporations to buy legislation. It is this abuse which vitiates the argument that relief should be sought at the polls. If laborers upon a railroad see that the company buys legislation, the argument that they should obey the law and seek only legal remedies, although perfectly sound in itself, is less forcible in view of the facts. If, therefore, instead of vaguely recommending labor legislation, the Governor had plainly stated the grounds of the distrust of corporation legislation, he would have done a public service. The Message has the merit of confining itself to the discussion of State topics, and enters into no general political disquisitions. In regard to the Constitutional Convention, the Governor proposes a plan which seems to us not so good as that of the HUSTED bill, although he also wisely holds that it should be a "people's" rather than a partisan Convention. He properly deplores the interminable discussions of the last Convention; and as his views are not essentially different from those of the framers of the HUSTED bill, although he would doubtless prefer to see a majority of delegates of his own party, it is to be presumed that he and the Legislature will agree upon a bill.

TWO LETTERS.

Two interesting letters have been recently published for the first time, both very honorable and characteristic of their authors. The first is a letter of General LOGAN to General SHERMAN. It seems that upon the death of General MCPHERSON, the commanding General, SHERMAN, recommended General O. O. HOWARD for the succession instead of General LOGAN, to whom by the ordinary rules of the service the promotion was due. The circumstances were mentioned by SHERMAN in his memoirs, and General LOGAN had expressed a wish that the language might be qualified. In February, 1883, a dinner was given to General SHERMAN in anticipation of his retirement from the army, and among the speakers was General LOGAN, who paid the warmest possible tribute to SHERMAN, invoking the choicest blessings upon him. General SHERMAN was deeply touched, and in a letter to General LOGAN, in which he spoke no less warmly of LOGAN'S patriotic devotion and services, he tells him frankly that, with the utmost confidence in him and admiration for his military ability, he had preferred General HOWARD because LOGAN, who had been absent from the army to make political speeches, seemed to him to be serving two causes, one military and the other political. With that conviction, he thought—and he had not changed his opinion—that the advice that he had given to Mr. LINCOLN was the best practicable under the circumstances.

This frank and manly letter was written in February, 1883, and a week later General LOGAN replied to it. He thanks SHERMAN for his kind feeling and words, but says that he thinks, had General SHERMAN been fully aware of the facts in regard to the political speeches, he would have felt and acted differently. General LOGAN then proceeds to say that when he left the army to make political speeches it was at the request of those high in authority, and his canvass for Mr. LINCOLN in 1864 was made at Mr. LINCOLN'S special and private request. General LOGAN then states his feeling in regard to General THOMAS with the same frankness and fairness, and concludes by saying that he has not made the correction before for good reasons, and because he felt sure that he could honorably await his justification. This temperate, manly, generous, and conclusive letter is most honorable to General LOGAN, and General SHERMAN expresses his affection for him and for his unwavering energy and devotion, despite the great wrong which he felt had been done to him. It is one of the pleasantest incidents in the career of General LOGAN, and shows his character in a very attractive light.

The other letter is of a very different kind. It was written by THACKERAY to ABRAHAM HAYWARD, in whose recently published correspondence it appears. THACKERAY had been proposed by HALLAM and Dean MILMAN for membership at the Athenæum Club, and had been rejected by one black ball. HAYWARD had been one of his warm supporters, and to him THACKERAY writes a charming letter, wise and humorous, and happily concealing the pain which he undoubtedly felt, for he was one of the most sensitive of men. In the letter THACKERAY says that he rather wonders he has not more enemies, not in a bad sense, but men to whom the practice of ridicule or satire must be peculiarly offensive, who are not gifted with humor, and who would do wrong not to censure such a man as a satirist must appear to them to be. Dr. JOHNSON, he is sure, would have blackballed FIELDING, whom he declared to be a dull fellow. THACKERAY says that he is sure, also, that his own blackballer is an old gentleman, steady and respectable, to whom he desires his best compliments, and begs to say that he was quite right to act according to that reason with which Heaven had mercifully endowed him. He has no doubt that the old gentleman is "slow," but equally no doubt that he in turn would consider him flippant. THACKERAY assures HAYWARD that his blackballer "has done no earthly harm to any mortal, but has established his own character, and got a great number of kind testimonials to mine." The publication of these two letters was happily timed, for they will certainly promote greater good-will toward both of the writers. They inculcate also a wider charity by reminding us of the possible, if not probable, satisfactory explanation of many an incident upon which harsh judgments are formed. Fair play is the right of every man, but practically it is scouted as a Sunday-school virtue. Yet it was a wise parent who said, "My son, don't swear at the other fellow until you know all about him."

THE NEW YORK CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE bill introduced by Mr. HUSTED which provides for the election of members of the Constitutional Convention is doubtless as fair a provision as can be made. It will give probably a Republican majority; and it is urged that the State is Democratic, as shown by the election of Governor in 1885. On the other hand, the election of the Legislature in 1886, although by districts, shows a decided Republican majority, and if it is remembered that the State election of 1885 was hardly a fair basis of estimate, it cannot be assumed conclusively that the State is Democratic. In any case, if the Republican Legislature should pass a bill which provides for a just representation of all interests, the Governor could not veto it without public disapproval. The HUSTED bill was prepared with great care by intelligent and experienced men, who have sought to create a non-partisan body so far as practicable, to provide a representation of the minority, and also a representation not only of districts, but of the State.

These objects are secured by the provisions for the election of delegates. There will be 128 delegates, of whom 96 will be chosen from the 32 Senatorial districts, three being allotted to each district. The remaining 32 will be elected upon a general State ticket, the delegates being distributed equally between the two great parties. The three delegates to be chosen from the Senatorial districts will be distributed in the proportion of 2 Republicans to 1 Democrat in the Republican districts, reversing the figures in the Democratic districts. In the seven Senatorial districts of New York and Richmond counties there will be 21 delegates to be elected, and 7 each will be allotted to the Republican, Democratic, and Labor parties. This is an equable distribution. It secures a Convention which is not too large, and in which all views will be justly represented. The larger the Convention for such a purpose, the less likely is it to perform its work promptly and well. The chief peril of a Constitutional Convention is its liability to degenerate into a debating club, and to engage in the most prolix abstract discussion. In every such body there are sure to be a few bores and "cranks," who not only retard, but seriously injure, the proper work. In the rules of procedure, therefore, it is indispensable to provide for some form of previous question. The Convention of 1867 sat for many months, but its work was not ratified, while that of the small Commission which followed it was very much more speedily accomplished, and approved by the people.

The bill provides for the election of delegates in April, and for the assembly of the Convention early in June. The amended Constitution will be submitted to the people at the next November election. Like many of the political arrangements of New York, the periodical meeting of a Constitutional Convention affords an admirable opportunity of adjusting the fundamental law to the lessons of experience. The Convention of this year will review all the great interests of the State—education, the prisons, the canals, city government, and the rest—and can remedy the defects which time has revealed, while the assured frequency of revisal tends to prevent a general theoretical reconstruction of the entire Constitution. If the good sense which has prepared the law shall also determine the selection of delegates, the Convention will be a great benefit to the State.

THE MAYOR AND THE EX-MAYOR.

MAYOR GRACE retires from the Chief Magistracy of the city with the sincere regard of all good citizens. He has done much to redeem the reputation of municipal politics, and has fully justified the independent support which he received in 1884. His removal of SQUIRE and his honorable enforcement of the reformed system in the civil service are quite enough to show both his genuine public spirit and his political courage. His course has naturally provoked the bitter hostility of jobbers of every kind, and nowhere more than in the city of New York have politics degenerated into jobbery. A vivid glimpse into the nature and methods of those politics is furnished by "the trial" of CREGAN for "party treachery" in "selling out" Mr. RICE as a candidate for Congress. The good citizen may see in the record of that trial who it is that selects or elects the candidates of his party, whom he is a Judas Iscariot if he does not support. It was warmly urged that Mr. ROOSEVELT, in the late Mayoralty contest, had been nominated by "good men," and that if he were not sustained, "the better element" had no right to complain of bad nominations hereafter. The conclusive answer was that if he had been nominated by such men, the "boys" could

not afford to permit his election. The result speaks for itself.

Upon New-year's Day Mayor HEWITT congratulated his predecessor that he retired with popular approval, and Mayor HEWITT evidently anticipates for himself a difficult official career. He knows that as a Pope of the best intentions is constrained by the inflexible organization of the Church, the Mayor is largely subject to the existing system of administration. To master the whole situation and the details of his duties, to learn the character of his subordinates and detect the evasions and perversions of authority, to trace the waste and corruption in administration and apply the remedies, is a tremendous task, before which most Mayors quail, and after a few protests and ineffectual struggles they submit, as the late Pope PIUS submitted, and float with the old and strong current.

Mayor HEWITT happily is accustomed to the executive supervision of great details of labor and business. He is a man of firm convictions, and of clear views of public interests and sound principles of administration. But a man whose public life has been due to a city Congressional district has seen political human nature at its worst, and may be perhaps unduly swayed by considerations of supposed expediency. Yet the Mayor knows much more truly than most public men that his real success depends upon the approval of the best and most intelligent citizens, and that even political advancement is more certainly assured by casting his bread upon the waters than by incessant intrigue and trickery to catch votes. He knows also the high hopes and anticipations of his fellow-citizens in regard to his municipal administration, and with what cordiality they wish him in the best sense a happy new year. His first official message was characteristically direct and frank, showing the ability of a trained public man. He understands the limitations of his position, and his suggestions are all practicable and admirable. They prove that his office is in no proper sense political, and encourage the hope that he will administer it in that view.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THE Copyright League has issued a circular stating its adherence to the HAWLEY bill, which provides simply for the advantage of the author and leaves the tariff to be regulated upon its own merits. The CHACE bill, which seems to be the present alternative, provides for certain details of manufacture, which is an unnecessary complication of the law. The HAWLEY bill as it was drawn was generally acceptable, and is based upon the principle which the friends of an international copyright approve.

They seek the best practicable measure which will secure the interests of the author and of American literature without sacrificing other just interests. Senator CHACE'S bill totally prohibits the introduction of all articles duly copyrighted under the law. It does not, however, provide for reciprocity of such prohibition in England, nor could it do so. The provision is really impertinent to an international copyright bill, and the League asks that both bills be reported for open discussion in the Senate.

The HAWLEY bill is designed to secure to foreign authors of those nations which grant to our citizens rights of copyright equal to those which they grant to their own, the same rights in copyright which are enjoyed by our own citizens. The protection of our book manufacturers is left where it belongs, to the tariff and to the good sense of the country. There is no doubt that the present situation is very hard upon the foreign author, because it is now impossible for the American publisher to offer him the honorarium which was practically equivalent to a copyright. Not only does he lose that honorarium, but it is becoming a high risk for the American publisher to give a durable form even to republished works which merit it. We trust that the question will receive early and careful attention.

THE LATE RAILROAD CATASTROPHE.

THE victims of the recent melancholy disaster on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will not have been destroyed in vain if their fate leads us to save others from a similar catastrophe. It is an unspeakable shame that several such calamities occur every year, and that the country merely utters a cry of horror, and then acquiesces, as if nothing could be done because the laws of disorder and of averages required annually such an amount of pitiless slaughter. This is a monstrous conclusion. Something can be done. The law can do much, and legislation should be directed to the relief.

In this latest slaughter in Ohio there was a collision and consequent crash of the cars, and then the burning of the ruined cars, and of the passengers buried and entangled among the broken timbers. Now serious collisions are possible only when two trains, as in this instance, are running toward each other upon the same track. This is something that should be made impossible by prohibiting the running of trains in opposite directions upon the same track. All trains upon the same track should be headed the same way, and the only collision which would then be possible would be that of a running into a stationary train. Besides this, stoves in cars should be absolutely forbidden. The chief horrors of railroad disasters are due to fire. But it is proved that cars can be warmed comfortably by steam from the locomotive, and if that were impracticable, the necessary heat should be generated in a separate car. A stove in a car with passengers is now without excuse, and should not be tolerated.

Mr. DEPEW, the president of the New York Central road, says, indeed, that it is impossible for a locomotive to draw a train of fourteen or seventeen cars and also spare steam enough to heat them, and that some means must be devised to warm single sleeping-cars which stand at way stations to be taken up by the train. Nobody can doubt his feeling in the matter. There are evidently great difficulties. But the public ought not to be constantly exposed to such appalling perils, and a vigorous law upon the subject would stimulate invention and arrangement wonderfully. No law, indeed, and no care, can prevent these calamities entirely, as no penal laws or moral exhortations can altogether prevent crime. But notwithstanding theft, laws to punish stealing are very useful. Every hapless victim of the late catastrophe who was burned to death was needlessly destroyed, and what legislation can do to save such calamities should be done promptly and effectively.

MR. SPEAKER.

THE *Tribune* assures everybody that Mr. HUSTED is the best possible Speaker in the best possible Legislature, and that all good men and good causes ought to rejoice. It utters a noble pæan upon his election, which is in amusing contrast with the assertion of other papers that his election is the triumph of corporate interests, and especially with the lament of the Troy *Times*, which asks whether such a man,

"with a record wherein truth in politics is utterly contemned and defied, wherein conscience is ignored, wherein the public welfare is sacrificed to selfish personal purposes and grasping greediness," is "to be kept in power and enabled to carry out his schemes for individual aggrandizement."

The Troy *Times* forecasts in Mr. HUSTED'S election the approaching death of the Republican party, while the New York *Tribune* exultingly cries that "every Republican ought to be delighted with the outcome of the Speakership contest."

Mr. HUSTED is a very accomplished parliamentarian; nobody in the State is probably a more apt and intelligent presiding officer. He is also a man of good impulses, who prefers the approval of those whom he respects. But his seventeen years of legislative service have not secured for him implicit public confidence, and it is always impossible to foretell his position upon any important public measure.

This is the fact which explains his public career. He is devoted to politics. He has great political experience and ability. He is personally affable and attractive. He is a skilful politician. He is ambitious and intelligent and clever. He is much the senior in service of all the members of the Legislature, but he is still only an Assemblyman; other men constantly pass him on the road. He was nominated for a State office a few years ago, and his defeat was decisive. The reason lies in the fact, of which his best friends are conscious, that while his power as Speaker is very great, not even those friends are sure that it will be exercised for the best legislation, although he may himself approve it.

THE FIREMEN.

THERE is no more common spectacle in the city of New York than the heroism of the firemen, but it is one which constantly excites gratitude and admiration. At any hour of the day or night, wherever a fire may break out, the alarm is quickly given, and so complete is the organization that immediately the engines of the district are out, and reach the spot with the utmost speed. Then a band of men thoroughly familiar with their duties take command of the situation.

They are in and over the house in a moment. At every door and window and on the roof, rapidly, intelligently, and effectively they are at work. On the coldest day of winter, with every drop of water freezing where it falls, with every foothold slippery and insecure, they are climbing ladders, and standing upon sills, and leaning from the edge of roofs without a railing, drawing up hose, and cutting away obstructions of every kind, enveloped in clouds of smoke, but tranquilly fighting the fire with such order and precision that their success is always apparently assured.

Of the constant imminent peril every spectator is aware. A little too thick a volume of smoke, a miscalculation of the tenacity of a floor, a slip, a falling brick or piece of plaster—any one of a thousand obvious and increasing chances—and the fireman is gone. But how extraordinary his mastery of the risks, and how wise as well as brave his conduct, the records of the department show. It is a daily exhibition of pluck and intelligence, a ceaseless public service, which deserves ceaseless record and acknowledgment. Those who lament the decay of heroism, and find the life of to-day and its stories commonplace, need only to follow an engine to a fire in New York to see that courage and skill have not departed with the good old times, if only the eye is sharp enough to recognize BAYARD and SIDNEY in a fireman.

FISHING.

MR. BLAINE'S clerical friends seem to be very unfortunate in their efforts to serve his fortunes. At the great pre-election levee of clergymen in New York which was intended to show the country, as a Senator remarked, that "Piety and Patriotism clasped hands of benediction over his head," the Rev. Mr. BURCHARD happened to remark what HORACE GREELEY, one of the Republican fathers, had often stated in substance, that Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion were the great allies of the Democratic party. Mr. BURCHARD was as suddenly and universally denounced by the BLAINE press as if he had said something fatally injurious, not to the Democratic, but to the Republican, party, and after the election the papers that wished to express the utmost contempt for Mugwumps alleged that Mr. BURCHARD had defeated his candidate, Mr. BLAINE.

Recently in Boston, at a meeting of orthodox clergymen whom Mr. BLAINE had been invited to address, the Rev. HEMAN LINCOLN, one of his most devoted supporters, compared injuriously the Boston of O'BRIEN and COLLINS with the Boston of JOHN WINTHROP. This was certainly not an extraordinary remark for an orthodox Protestant clergyman, although of a denomination which is not supposed to feel very friendly toward the Puritans. But there was immediately a great uproar among the friends of Mr. BLAINE, and an outcry against the unfortunate political allusion of Dr. LINCOLN, and the extreme dulness of clergymen who make political remarks. Yet Mr. BURCHARD said nothing which was not a Republican commonplace, and Dr. LINCOLN said nothing which was in the least political. What, then, is the meaning of the protest?

Simply that the friends of Mr. BLAINE were fishing for the Irish vote in 1884, and are spreading their nets for the same haul in 1888. The clerical supporters of Mr. BLAINE, and all other inexperienced politicians who desire his election, should therefore carefully remember that they must speak respectfully of the Church of Rome, and treat the temperance question with a tender regard for the saloon, until after the next election. The party point to be borne in mind is that the Irish vote is to be conciliated. In that view Dr. LINCOLN'S offence should be at once condoned, in consideration of his adroit explanation that he could not have used the exact words which were attributed to him, because it would have been a gross offence to the guest of the evening, who was sprung from Irish stock. His letter of explanation really explained nothing, but it served as a vehicle for that admirable remark. The most interesting political game of the moment is that of party managers who, instead of trying to prove to old Republicans that they have made a mistake, seek to replace them with new allies. "Why don't you come back?" said a Massachusetts Republican to a Mugwump. "Is the nomination of Mr. OLIVER AMES the inducement?" was the answer.

PERSONAL.

PROFESSOR CHARLES A. JOY, who formerly occupied the chair of chemistry in Columbia College, and who now resides in Munich, had frequent opportunities of seeing Consul HARPER in his last illness. From a letter written in a vein of delicate sympathy, eminently characteristic of Professor JOY, the following extracts are taken. After noting the fact of Mr. HARPER'S gradual decline since September last, the writer continues:

"In the presence of his wife he appeared to believe in the possibility of recovery, but when she was out of hearing he said to Professor EMERSON and myself: 'My wife thinks I may recover, but I know better; there is no hope; I am dying by inches; I am entirely resigned, and long to be at rest.'....I do not see how any person could have been more tenderly cared for or more carefully nursed than Mr. HARPER. Everything that affection and science could suggest was employed to render his last days as painless and as comfortable as possible, and he died at last in full consciousness peacefully and fully prepared to go. All of the Americans in Munich manifested their sympathy on the occasion, and notwithstanding the extreme inclemency of the weather there was a large attendance at the chapel of the cemetery on the occasion of the funeral services....Mr. HARPER won the respect of everybody who had dealings with the Consulate. He was pre-eminently kind and considerate, and succeeded in handling the delicate questions constantly arising in the office with tact and success. To me his death is a personal affliction."

—One of the best known men of letters in this country, who, like many of his brothers, is often asked to "puff" his friends in the public press by inditing pleasant little paragraphs about them, has made it a rule "never to write anything for a paper by private request." He never before knew what peace was.

—Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW publicly expresses his thanks to his "sturdy old Dutch father up in Peekskill," who made him work when he was a young man, and but for whose discipline in that direction he would "now be nursing a store up in Peekskill."

—Mr. JOHN C. REID, an able and veteran journalist, whose friends are legion, was presented by several of them, on the 30th of December, 1886, with a diamond ring costing $400. The Hon. THOMAS C. ACTON made the speech of presentation, and among the donors was the Hon. CHARLES A. DANA. For sixteen years Mr. REID has been the managing editor of the New York *Times*.

—A very notable reception was that given a few days ago in Boston by Mrs. BENJAMIN H. TICKNOR to General LEW WALLACE. The charming hostess is the wife of the head of the publishing house of TICKNOR & Co., and among her guests were the most brilliant men and women of the Massachusetts capital. We notice that the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, in a leading editorial on "The Great American Novel," speaks of Mrs. STOWE'S *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and General LEW WALLACE'S *Ben-Hur* as "the most permanently saleable novels yet published. General WALLACE has exhausted all that study and exploration of the scenes described can effect. He has succeeded grandly. What finer or more thoroughly elaborated picture could be drawn than his description of a chariot race?"

—The great lenses for the Lick Observatory telescope reached their destination at Mount Hamilton, California, in excellent condition. The work of preparing the dome and the apparatus for mounting the equatorial is now going on under charge of Trustees FRASER and FLOYD, who expect to turn over the observatory to the University of California by next September.

—Commodore C. K. MONROE, of the New York Canoe Club, has taken his trim little boat, the *Psyche*, to Florida, where he will open the canoeing season of 1887. Other members of the club will make long canoe voyages on the Atlantic coast. Preparations are now making for the International Challenge Cup races.

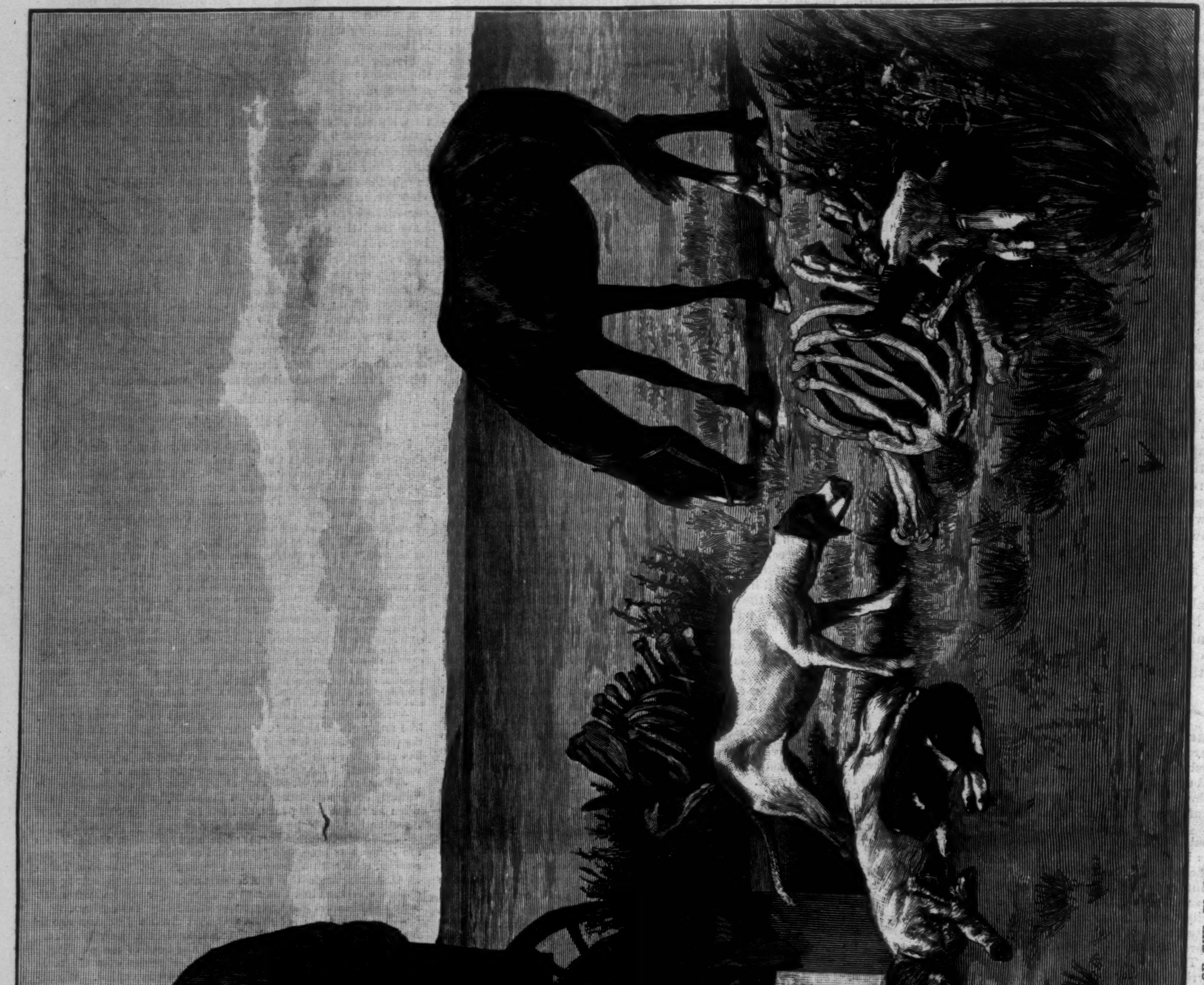
—Mrs. ANNA LEA MERRITT, one of the cleverest and most educated of American women who paint pictures, will soon return to this country with several of her works, after a protracted visit to England. She is a native of Philadelphia, and a relative of HENRY CAREY LEA. Her late husband was HENRY MERRITT, the London picture restorer and art critic, who for five years previous to her marriage had been her teacher. Lord WALTER CAMPBELL owns her "Ophelia," and Mr. ALFRED WATERHOUSE, R.A., her "Eve." Mrs. MERRITT deserves the welcome that she is sure to receive from her countrymen.

—The Hon. CHARLES GAYARRÉ, of New Orleans, recently delivered a lecture in Tulane Hall in that city on JEAN ETIENNE BORÉ, a creole gentleman, the first sugar-planter in Louisiana and the first Mayor of New Orleans. Of his wife it was once said that it was worth travelling fifty miles to see Madame BORÉ take a pinch of snuff. Judge GAYARRÉ'S address abounded in pungent aphorisms and delightful humor, and was very warmly received.

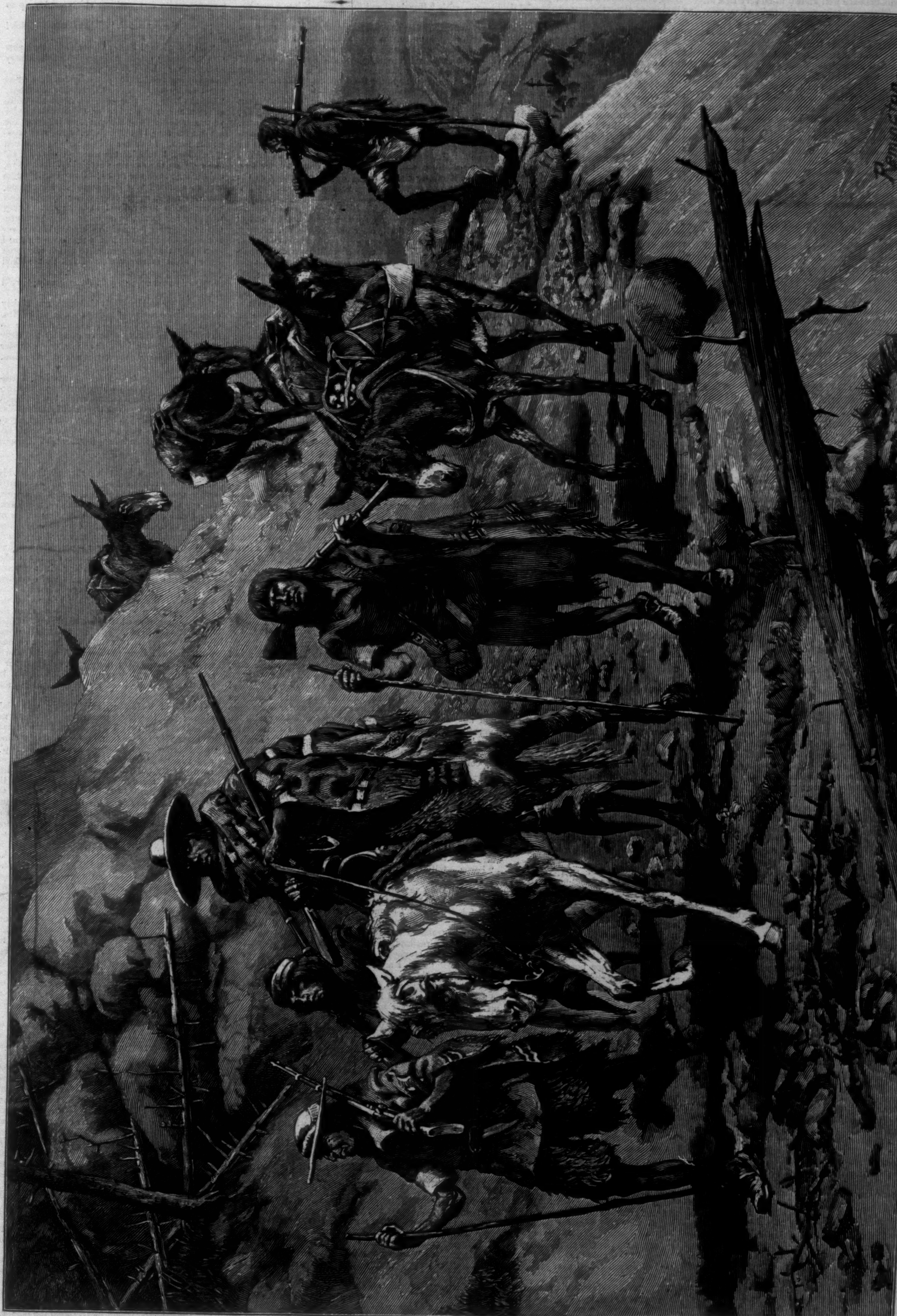
—Mr. W. J. STILLMAN, the art critic, advises parents to let their children play with water-colors, and to employ good teachers of art for them. Boys and girls, he thinks, should learn to paint before they learn to draw, and from the first should not draw from nature, but from their idea of nature.

—The Rev. W. H. H. MURRAY, generally known as "Adirondack" MURRAY, has become a lyceum reader, and is making a good income. He tells his former parishioners that his *forte* is rather to amuse than to teach, and that, accordingly, he is better suited to the platform than the pulpit.

—Judge NOAH DAVIS on retiring from the bench said: "It is my nature to form strong convictions, and sometimes I express them too strongly, but neither by speech nor silence have I ever designed to injure any suitor or his counsel. In searching the record of my judicial life I can find no entry that I ever decided any cause or matter contrary to my then convictions of right." A committee of lawyers presented Judge DAVIS'S portrait by DANIEL HUNTINGTON to the Supreme Court. The judge is now practising as a lawyer, and he used to make more money at it than he ever did as judge.



THE OLD BONE MAN OF THE PLAINS.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 39.]



PIMA INDIANS CONVOYING A SILVER TRAIN IN MEXICO.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 38.]

INDIANS CONVOYING SILVER.

The Sierra Madre Mountains lying in Sonora and Chihuahua are well known to be very rich in silver. There are mines on the Chihuahua side which have been worked far beyond living memory or tradition. The country has been and is now a very dangerous region in which to prosecute any form of industry, on account of the Mexican banditti as well as of the Apaches. It became the stronghold of the Apaches after the mountains of Arizona had been made too hot to live in. The Mexicans are afraid of the Apaches, being, indeed, unable to cope with them; and in consequence Pima Indians are employed to convoy the silver taken from the mines to the Sonora Railroad. The Pimas are a part of an immense tribe, some of them mountaineers, and some agriculturists. They are brave, hardy, and perfectly acquainted with the hidden trails of the mountains. They have for years convoyed silver, and have never been known to lose a single brick. They have been set upon by Apaches, have fought them off, or in some cases have recaptured silver from them. They are Christians, as are nearly all their tribe.

The traveller who meets a train on the trail is passed in sullen silence by its guardians, who eye him furtively from beneath their sombreros or their matted and uncombed hair. The little burros are heavily packed, but they were raised in the mountains, and can travel under loads of bar silver that weigh nearly as much as they do. A chief, who is also the contractor, is usually at the head of every band, its members owning the burros.

The mines are worked by Indians also, but Mexicans are there employed to some extent; and the mountains are now overrun with prospectors, as the presence of Geronimo in Florida has left the Apache country safe for development.

"MA' BOWLIN'."

When the spring overflow comes, the plantation of Clover Bend becomes a rustic Venice. Boats glide over the cypress knees in the swamps, where the cypresses and sycamores look oddly short, and the thorn trees dip their red spikes in the water. Usually the store stands on a high bank, but then looking over the edge you can see the green waves curdling about the willow roots barely a step below.

Bud Quinn's house faces the plantation, the store, the mill, and the score of houses; but its western windows are toward the river, and the sunset, and the undulating line of cane which limits the hill country from whence the Quinns came. It is a house of the common Arkansas type—two ill-built chimneys on the outside, a beetling roof, and an open "gallery" in the middle.

One morning, during a certain overflow season a good many years ago, Mrs. Quinn sat in the gallery with her neighbor Mrs. Brand, and the Quinns' only child, Ma' Bowlin'. The women of "the bottom-lands" are inclined to be thin and sallow, while Mrs. Quinn's comely plumpness of person was accompanied by a particularly fair skin with roses and freckles. There were dimples in her cheeks deep enough to show when she was not smiling, and in spite of hard and sad years her blue eyes sparkled with a placid, kindly, half-humorous brightness. She had been sewing on a child's frock of flowered cotton, which she shook out, finally saying: "Thar, now, Ma' Bowlin'; thar's yo' new gownd. Mus' be keerful; not mud it; not muss it—mus' be keerful."

The child listened with a strained attention, though the words were so simple. She was a fair, pretty child, with curling flaxen hair and dark blue eyes, in shape and color the copy of her mother's, but quite lacking their expression, having in its place a look at once wistful and dazed.

Mrs. Quinn repeated the words until the earnest little face brightened, and the curly head was nodded vehemently. "Ma' Bowlin' knaw. Ma' Bowlin' keerful. Put on!" cried the child.

"Stan' still, then."

Ma' Bowlin' assumed a rigid military attitude, like a soldier at drill, while her mother slipped the frock over her shoulders.

"Do look at the little trick!" said Mrs. Brand.

"I l'arned 'er thet ar," said Mrs. Quinn. "She'll stan' twell I tell 'er ter quit, ef she stan's all day. She are the *best* chile ter mind. W'y, I tole 'er onst ter be shore keep up the fire w'ile I wuz ter the mill, an' ef ye please she piled on cotton seed twell she nigh sot the heouse afire—she did so; the mantil war a-scorchin'."

"Wa'al, a good, mindin' chile's a comfort, even ef they don't jes make the wiggle," said Mrs. Brand.

Mrs. Brand was a widow from Georgia, a tall, spare, black-haired, bright-eyed woman, in a very clean and stiff print gown; much respected by her neighbors because she openly despised the State of Arkansas, and her husband had owned slaves before the war. To be sure, the slaves were only a decrepit old pair thrown in as "boot" to a horse trade; but Mrs. Brand always spoke of them in a large plural as "We all's niggers," and felt about their vanished ownership much as a ruined noble might feel about his patent of nobility.

"Law me!" she continued, with a sigh, feeling for her snuff-stick, "ain't the ways er Providence onscrutable? But I reckon ye set jes much store on 'er, ef a little mucher."

Mrs. Quinn's arms, which were about the child, tightened into an almost savage clasp. She crushed the fair curls against her cheek; but directly she laughed. "I reckon," said she. "Thar now, honey, ye look right peart. Ye kin—yes, ye kin run long ter the store an' strike up with yo' paw an' show him yo' new dress. Be shore ye don' mud it, an' ye show it ter him. Yere's yo' bunnit."

Both women looked after the pretty little shape as it skipped along the narrow ridge of land leading to the plantation store. The widow compressed her lips over some unuttered thought.

Mrs. Quinn answered it: "Bud 'll fotch 'er 'ome on his hoss. He don' much 'er like some; but he means kin'. He never guvs 'er a ha'sh word—never."

"Some folks say he never gives her any word 'tall," said the widow, dryly. "But laws! some folks wud bust if they cudn't talk; it swells in 'em so, like pop-corn. Say, how ole is Ma' Bowlin'; risin' er eight?"

"Eight this day. Ye had orter remember the day."

"So I had," rejoined Mrs. Brand, with some emotion. "Law me! yo' man nigh busted my do' down; an' I was so phased I said right out: 'Bud Quinn, 'ain't ye ben lynched yet?' 'Yes, I have,' says he, 'n' Sukey begged me off. An' now she's took bad, an' for the Lord's sake come an' hope 'er!' Wa'al, I hadn't much acquaintanceship with you all, but I knowed what the matter was, an' I cudn't refuse. So, if ye please, off we went—on that same wil' colt *you* taken. An' the way that there critter went r'arin' an' chargin' through the water—ye 'member how high the overflow was that year—my word! I says, 'Mr. Quinn,' says I, 'if I kin have my ruthers, I'd ruther walk.' 'Sukey done rode 'im,' says he; 'he won' make no blunders.' 'Then I ain't s'prised she's took,' says I. Say, Sukey, warn't ye skeered? Night 'n' all."

"I don' 'member like I war," said Sukey, rising and beginning to lay the table in the kitchen; "onyhow he war all the hoss left, so I had ter tek 'im."

The widow gave a moment to remembrance and her snuff-stick before saying, "Sorter quar they all never f'und nuthin er Zed Ruffner 'cept that ole hat er his'n all bloodied an' tromped on."

"Bud 'lowed 'twarn't Zed's hat 'tall," said Sukey; quickly, "jes er ole un the hoegs fit over an' tromped up. Ye knaw how them wil' hoegs fight. Zed Ruffner tole Bud he war gwine ter light a shuck, kase he cudn't put up no longer with his maw's cavin'. He 'lowed ter go on the trade boat."

"Yes, I 'member," said the widow, "an' I don' know w'y Bud's story warn't likely as t'other, an' Zed done make tracks with the hunerd an' twenty dollars. I expect he 'lowed 'twas his own money, bein' like 'twas from sellin' the hoss his own mother left 'im; an' my son Frank says Zed taken it turrible hard for to have *his* money used that a-way. But ayfter they all f'und the hat, an' knowed how Bud done, ridin' off in the bottom with Zed, an' comin' back by his lone, they was jes like a pack er dogs ayfter a wil' hog—no reasonin' in 'em, nuthin 'cept bark."

"Oh, wa'al," said Mrs. Quinn, mildly, "I don't guess 'twuz so quar, ayfter all. We-uns hadn't ben in Clover Bend mo'n two months; an' bein' frum the hill country, too, folkses war sorter sot agin us, natchelly nuff. An' the wust trick er all war we-uns hevin hed hard words with the Ruffners. 'Twar all 'long thet ar same colt witch Mis' Ruffner she offered ter Bud, an' Bud he taken up with it; but somebody offered more, an' she sole the colt ter them, an' w'en Bud guv 'er his opinion, she war r'arin' an' chargin'—wa'al I don' want fur ter say nuthin agin onybody cole in their grave—"

"She wuz venermous ole liar, cole or hot," interrupted the widow, calmly; "an' hot nuff she had orter be ef all tales air true. Ye knaw she jes sicked them men on Bud. An' I reckon ye wudn't got 'im off ef *she'd* 'a ben reoun'. No, ma'am. How did ye, onyhow? I've wanted ter knaw fur a right smart, but I didn't like fur ter quiz ye."

"I'll tell ye, then," said Mrs. Quinn. "I wuz comin' home, w'en I met up with Tennessee Gale, an' she tole me how they'd toted Bud off ter the big bayou whar they f'und the hat, ye knaw, fur ter lynch him. So 'twar powerful dark, but I follered ayfter fas' I cud, an' I come up on 'em w'en they'd got the rope reoun' Bud's neck. Twuz Ruffner tole 'em ter lemme talk. I knawed 'im spite er his black kaliker mask. So then I tole 'em how Bud come home that ar night 'thout a scratch er a t'ar on 'im. I axed they all ter s'arch 'im right thar, an' they done it, an' 'twar jes like I tole 'em. Then I put it ter they all, cud a gre't big feller like Zed Ruffner be killed up 'thout mekin' a fight fur't? 'Sides, the place war all tore up; thar war a turrible fight thar, shore, hoegs or humans. An' how wud they all feel ef ayfter they hunged Bud they'd fin' Zed Ruffner safe an' soun'? I don't 'member on the words, but I begged hard, an' bymeby Ruffner he stomps his foot an' he says, sezee: 'Dad burn me! I cayn't stan' no mo', guilty or not guilty. Mis' Quinn, go 'long 'ome; ye ain't fit ter be out yere. Boys, le's let 'er tek 'er man 'ome with 'er. We kin fin' 'im easy nuff ef we want 'im.' An' that war how it happened. Bud he 'lowed Zed wud turn up, or leastways he write his paw. But it's eight years now, an' nary word nur sign. We-uns hez stopped on yere, an' Bud he gits good pay's stockman, and Mr. Francis he won' yere a word agin 'im; but thet ar ole story don' never let us 'lone. Folkses don' knaw fur shore he done hit, but they don' knaw fur shore he didn't done hit, an' they all don' want fur ter hev no truck with us. The wust er 't are, Bud he cayn't git reconciled no way, an' he studies an' studies twell he are plum changed; he ain't the same man like— Law me! ef thar ain't Bud over yander, an' 'thout Ma' Bowlin'!"

"So 'tis," said the widow, rising, "an' time fur me ter be gwine, too."

"Ye come fur a fire?" said Mrs. Quinn, in hospitable sarcasm; "w'y won't ye stop fur dinner? Res' yo' bunnit on the bed and dror up—*do!*"

But the widow was not to be detained. It almost seemed as though she were hurrying away from her host, who had alighted, and was now in his own doorway. He brushed past her with a surly "Howdy?" and flung himself into a seat before the table, where Mrs. Quinn presently served him, smiling as cheerfully as though she expected a smile in return, which is hardly likely, did she pay any attention to experience.

"Ye didn't meet up with Ma' Bowlin' nowhar?" said she. "She war purportin' ter show ye her new gownd. She looked so purty in it, an' railly, Bud, Ma' Bowlin' hev l'arned—"

"I wisht ye'd quit yo' everlastin' gabbin' 'beout Ma' Bowlin'," the man broke in, savagely. "Naw, I didn't meet up with 'er, nur I didn't wanter. I've had nuff er Ma' Bowlin' a'ready this mornin'. Thet thar blamed fool Tom Lardy darst ter tell me she war a jedgment on me fur killin' Zed Ruffner, an' thar war half a dozen t'other men reoun ter back 'im up. Jes down yander en the store 'twar. I don' guess I wanter hear ony mo' er Ma' Bowlin'."

He scowled at his food the picture of morose dejection; yet only eight years ago Bud Quinn had been the model young man of the hill country, whom fathers were accustomed to hold up to their sons, and whose mop of red-brown curls, sparkling eyes, and splendid muscles were not more admired by the hill girls than his jovial good-humor.

Sukey Quinn was used to "Bud's ways," but even to her Bud seemed more wretched, and by consequence more sullen, than usual. She sat pondering, her pleasant countenance a little saddened, until at last she said, rather timidly: "Bud, I ben studyin'. I don' see no reason fur ter b'lieve thet ar Zed 'll turn up. Le's quit Clover Bend an' go back ter the hills, an' mek a fresh start whar folkses don' knaw."

"An' them all be mekin their brags on me? Ye talk like a fool!"

Sukey didn't wince; the phrase was only one of those "ways" to which she was accustomed. Discussions between the pair were apt to end in that final retort by Bud, "Ye talk like a fool!" Not that Bud really thought that she did talk foolishly; on the contrary, he had a great pride in her sense: it was simply that he was at the end of his arguments, but not of his combativeness. Sukey would listen with unfeigned good temper, understanding perfectly that he gave vent to his sorrows and angers for the sake of being consoled and contradicted at once, and bearing no more malice for her snubbings than she would have borne her baby had it kicked her in a fit of colic; for Sukey was a maternal soul, who treated her husband all the more gently because his undeserved ignominy had soured his temper. "Law me! men folkses they cayn't hol' in," she said to her sole confidant, the widow from Georgia; "an' I are the onlies' critter Bud kin sass, kase they all's so sot agin 'im 'twun't tek mo'n a word ter fetch a shoot."

But this admirable impersonal way of viewing things failed when it came to Ma' Bowlin'; and Sukey, so tolerant, so equable everywhere else, could not endure a slighting word there.

Bud knew this as well as anybody, and a kind of instinct had kept him silent about his aversion to his child. At least he was never openly unkind to her. But to-day he was aching with impotent anger and humiliation and an intolerable sense of wrong. "An' 'twar all longer *her*," he thought, meaning poor Ma' Bowlin'. "I 'clare I *hate* 'er!"

He jumped out of his chair and began walking the floor, talking furiously. "Hit's no good; they all air down on me. I cayn't mek a riffle. An', good Lord! whut did I done? I never hurted a human critter in my life, nur wanted ter. Yit look how they run me down like a wil' hoeg! Looks like ter me thar war a gre't black devil, too big fur me, a-harntin' me, an' mekin' everything go bad fur me. An' I knaw *who*, too. I tell ye, Sukey, 'tare that thar ole gypsy critter I wouldn't let camp in we all's yard: she done it. Don' ye 'member how she cussed me turrible hard? An' I seen a black cat nex' day, an' that ar night 't happened. Oh, dad burn her!"

He swung his arm out in a gesture of uncontrollable irritation. The wall was nearer than he realized, and his fist struck the logs smartly. Bud laughed.

"Bud, I are sorry fur ye," said his wife, very gently.

There was a pity and tenderness in her voice that soothed Bud in spite of himself, but he was in a mood to resent comfort. He raved on: "Oh! I'm done now; I won' stan' no mo' er they all's fool tricks. I tek my gun ter the store termorrer. Let 'em sass me *then!*"

Sukey was too wise to argue further, since Bud was quite capable of carrying out his threat. She wondered whether he had finished his dinner, but was afraid to inquire, so she began to remove the superfluous dishes—very softly.

Bud remained glowering at the fire until he was disturbed by her passing to put a plate on the hearth. "Whut ye doin' with them taters?" growled he.

"Wa'al, ye knaw, Ma' Bowlin'—she ain't back yet."

"An' good luck fur we all if she never comes back."

The cruel answer made the poor woman turn pale and tremble; she was so hurt that the tears would not come. Not lifting his sullen eyes, Bud went on: "Ye much thet ar critter a heap; be ye so shore she are *your'n!* Hain't ye never read en the Bible 'beout them thar folkses was persessed er the devil? You knaw that boy—Sukey, I swar w'en I see the critter grin-grinnin' ayfter me, I swar looks like ter me thet ar same devil wants me's got inter *her!* Thar, hit's spoke now; I cudn't never bide thet ar chile—and now ye knaw w'y."

He wouldn't look at his wife, though he could hear her sob as he strode out of the house.

It might have been two hours before he came back to find the rooms empty, and to see Sukey running swiftly across the soaked cotton fields, her sun-bonnet on her back, her hair blown about a scared white face, and her skirts muddy up to her waist.

"Bud," she screamed, "git the hosses! Quick! Ma' Bowlin's en the swamp!"

"My! my! my! Sukey!" exclaimed Bud, peevishly, "whut ye mean traipsin' 'beout the kentry so indecent? Look at yo' skeert!"

Sukey had reached the porch by this time. She could hardly catch her breath, but she panted out: "Git the hosses! She done went ter the store an' axed fur ye like I tole 'er, an' they all tole 'er ye war gone ter Tobe Morrow's, an' they 'low she sot out fur ter go ter Tobe's, an' some way missed the turn. I ben ter Tobe's, an' she ain't ben thar. Bud, I tole 'er ter meet up with ye, an' she's off en the swamp s'archin' an' seekin' ye, an' she'll go twell she drops! O my Lord!" She was so agitated that Bud stared at her aghast, for a quieter, more easy-going woman than Sukey Quinn never lived in Arkansas. Sukey wringing her hands, Sukey taking on, was a spectacle too bizarre for Bud to realize. Why, never but once—and then suddenly that once returned so vividly that Bud seemed to watch the torch flames slant in the wind, and felt that wicked jerk of the rope against his throat.

"Don' ye tek on, Sukey," said he, gently; "we'll find 'er."

The father and mother rode together until they came to the crossing of the two roads, where Mrs. Quinn, who hadn't spoken again, drew rein to say: "Mabbe she mought er gone by the river road. The Brown boys they wuz down yander with their bateau; she mought er gone with *them*. Ye better go down ter the big bayou."

"Whar—whar Zed—thar?" gasped Bud, flinching at a hideous fancy which flitted over the surface of his mind, as a vulture might brush a black wing past an eye. Was the devil haunting him going to finish the job by tolling his child out to mire and freeze and die just where they all believed he had killed Zed Ruffner? Then who wouldn't allow he was guilty?

"I'll go," said he.

Off he galloped, splashing through the muddy water. The road to the "big bayou" was mostly under water. North and south, east and west, the eye met the same horizontal lines, now dark, now gleaming, dappled with flickering prints of leafage, etched with shadows of trunks and limbs, and here and there lost in a soft fur-like growth of young cane. Uncanny shapes of roots and logs and cypress knees showed duskily under the lustrous green water, blending with the masses of shade which huge live-oaks and cypresses flung on the surface, until it was hard telling which was the reality of form and which the semblance. An opalescent mist rose from the open spaces toward the west, through which blazed a sea of gold. The forest was in blossom. Sumptuous petals of wild-plum flowers or dogwood drifted among the trees. Aloft was a twitter of birds and bird happiness, drowned for a second by the splash of hurrying hoofs, but instantly reasserting itself and rippling keenly and blithely through the wood.

Peril hid underfoot, and beauty was plain above; but the horseman rushing by was not conscious of either. There was an extraordinary and terrible commotion in Bud Quinn's mind; using his own phrase, he was "powerful riled up"; and whether what he felt was grief, or dread, or a ghastly relief he couldn't tell for his life. Too simple for analysis, his emotions took the image of pictures—his wife in the swamp, the old crone cursing him, his neighbors frowning, and the children running to get out of his way. Then he was fooling with those sweet-potatoes that he sent around one winter because nobody else had any left. His throat tightened and his cheeks burned, just as they did when every bag and basket came back. What a heap of those fool things he did, anyhow, and how bad he felt about them! Visions of Ma' Bowlin' came incessantly. She was a baby, a girl, when he wanted a boy; she was a toddling little thing who wouldn't learn to talk, but used queer sounds of her own for a language; he had a notion that it was this which first gave him his repugnance to the child. She was a girl whose feeble mind was a judgment; then he slowly grew to hate her. He didn't know whether he hated her now or not; he only knew that if Sukey wanted her so bad, she must have her. Presently another feeling stole into the medley of his thoughts. As the air grew chill with nightfall he began to consider the child. "Say, ye devil," called Bud, who was as brave as he was superstitious, and made no ado of defying the devil by name—"say, it's a mean trick er your'n tollin' thet ar little critter off inter the swamp!" He took sides with Ma' Bowlin'. "Dad burn ye, devil, I'll find 'er an' fotch 'er home spiter ye!" cried he. Then he would shout, "Ma' Bowlin'—hit's paw! I'm a-comin', baby; don' ye be skeered." But only the echo of his own voice returned to him. He reached the big bayou. It was a moment before he could collect himself enough to look about, and his heart jumped when he saw a floating log. The relief which he felt surprised him. "A body'd 'low I set store by the little trick," he said, huskily; "but I'm glad ye didn't done it yere anyhow, devil!"

His horse was worn out; the stars were shining; there was nothing for it but to go home.

As soon as he reached the brow of the little hill which dips into the swamp beyond the mill, he could see lights dancing through the fields and hear shouts.

A horseman galloped toward him holding up a torch. Mr. Francis it was, the resident owner of the plantation.

"Come to the store, Bud," he called; "we're all out."

Indeed, Mrs. Quinn had aroused the plantation, and the men had been scouring the country all

the afternoon. One band had just come in, and were sitting on horseback before the platform of the store. Their leader sat sideways on his saddle in an attitude of languid indifference, yet he had ridden harder than any one. He was a slightly built man, whose thin face looked the thinner for a peaked black beard and long straight silky black hair falling over his flannel collar. His features were regular, and his dark eyes had a very pleasant, mild expression.

"Reckon ye 'ain't f'und no trail?" he said, listlessly, not looking at Bud, to whom the other men also paid no attention.

"Naw, Mr. Ruffner," answered Bud.

"Mos' like she strayed off en the swamp. We all bes' look up them heouses off in the canebrake. Thar's coffee b'ilin' en the store, an' Mis' Quinn are thar."

Bud dismounted and entered the store. A portion of the long room had been railed off for an "office." The store is the centre of everything on a plantation. The office was full of women, and a cloud of vapor came from a boiler of coffee on the stove. The widow from Georgia was ladling coffee, and Mrs. Quinn holding the cups.

Just then a little commotion outside caused all the other women to run out, giving Bud an opportunity to approach his wife. Her face was so strange and rigid that he was frightened, and her eyes travelled over his mud-splashed figure in hopeless, stern inquiry.

"Ye needn't tell me," said she, "ye didn't fin' nuthin'. I reckon yo' glad. Ye hated 'er; ye wanted 'er outen yo' road, an' ye got yo' wantin'. But don' come nigh *me;* fur ef my baby's los', I'll never live longer ye no mo', Bud Quinn—never!"

"Oh, hush!" said the widow from Georgia, good-humoredly; "thet ain't no talk fur 'tween man an' wife! Ain't the chile his'n well's your'n? G'way, Bud; she don' knaw rightly whut she's sayin'."

With that she pushed Bud—dumb as a bird caught up in a whirlwind—out into the main room of the store.

"W'y are Sukey gone back on me?" were the first words he could stammer.

"I reckon she's wored out," answered the widow, grimly. "Look a-here, Bud Quinn; I sorter taken yo' side jes now, but 'tain't kase I got ony gre't opinion of ye, for I 'ain't—"

"Yo' like they all; ye 'low—"

"I don' 'low ye hurted Zed Ruffner, if ye mean that. No, sir; I got a low down 'pinion of ye jes kase ye treat yo' wife so mean—an' thet thar po' little trick she's so petted on, po' little innercent, smilin', mindin' critter, always cravin' fur to please ye! *She* ain't to blame fur not havin' good sense; I reckon she'd take sense if she cud! But ye had a grudge agin 'er kase she was throwed up at ye fur a jedgment. An' I kin tell ye, Bud Quinn, ye made folks dead sho' she *was* a jedgment jes by the way ye treated 'er! Ye've grieved Sukey all that chile's life treatin' 'er so. Not a kin' word nur look fur her; an' ye ben so busy studyin' on yo' troubles an' hatin' t'other folks fur misjedgin' ye, that ye never taken no thought er her'n! Laws! Bud Quinn, d'ye expect *she* liked bein' looked down on? Or liked fur to have Ma' Bowlin' half cracked? Or liked fur to have *you* glumin' roun', nur never muchin' yo' own chile? I reckon Sukey's human, an' ye've got ter the eend er 'er long-sufferin'—"

"Wa'al, Mis' Brand," Bud interrupted, doggedly, "whutsumever I done, jawin' me won't fin' Ma' Bowlin'. I got ter git my tother hoss an' go. Ye tell Sukey I'll fin' Ma' Bowlin'—*someways!*"

"Ye *better,*" retorted the unabashed widow, "an' the less truck ye try ter have with Sukey befo' then, the mo' she'll like ye."

Bud walked away without another word. Mr. Francis gave him a torch, and he rode off on his fresh horse. Nobody else spoke to him or offered him any help.

This time he chose the high-road. For some distance it was above-water; but finally he came to a depression in the ground which the overflow had turned into a shallow river, filled with leaves and sticks and floating logs, and all the débris of the swamp. By stepping from log to log it was just possible for a footman to cross to the firm land beyond.

"Ma' Bowlin' war powerful spry," thought Bud; "hopped like a 'coon." He had a feeling of admiration for the child's agility. "Mought be a show er findin' a trail ef 'twar daylight," he muttered; "cayn't do much with a torch." But he held it high, and suddenly he uttered a loud exclamation. On the moss of one of the logs was a tiny footprint. In spite of the darkness he had found the trail. To pursue it was not so difficult: here a freshly broken twig where the little fingers had caught, there a patch of moss as though a foot had slipped, oak limbs swayed out of place, or logs wet by a fresh immersion beneath a passing weight, told the story of the journey plainly enough for a woodman like Bud.

But all at once the trail ceased. Let him ride in what direction he might, he could not find a sign. The print of fingers on the low branch of a pawpaw-tree showed that so far the little traveller must have come; but there was the end. While Bud hesitated, a great log drifted slowly and majestically through the circle of light cast by his torch out into the forest darkness.

"Mought er skipped on a log like thet," Bud mused, "an' the log sailed off; but, God A'mighty, witch way?"

He rode aimlessly about the swamp, shouting until he was hoarse: "Ma' Bowlin'! Ma' Bowlin'! Paw's comin'! Don' be skeered, honey! Who-op! Whoo-op!"

He could hardly remember the time when he had used such a caressing word to the child; but now somehow the image of the little "wanting," trustful thing hunting for him in the swamp affected him strangely. He remembered that there had been times when his heart had turned to the child and he had hardened it again. One scene in particular kept recurring to him. He had gone to a Fourth of July celebration, and the people were sitting in groups about the grass, eating their luncheon. Lum Shinault was leaning against a tree near Bud, and his little daughter, hardly two years old, toddled up to him, stretching out her arms and crying, "Up! up!" Lum snatched her up and marched along with her, laughing and singing. At this Ma' Bowlin', who was quite six years old, but just beginning to talk, pulled at Bud's trousers. "Up! up!" she stammered, in exactly the other child's tone. It made some of the children titter, and Bud was furious. He pushed the little thing away. He remembered how the smiling little face had fallen, and how she had run to hide it against her mother's arm. Sukey had lifted her up, heavy as she was. "Maw'll tote ye a piece, honey." Bud could hear the words, with the slight tremor in them, so distinctly that he started. "Lord, how cud I ben so mean?" he groaned. "Thet blamed critter war right. Pore Sukey! An' she war allus seekin', quiet like, ter mek the little trick set store by me!"

The night wore on, chillier and darker every hour. And somehow, as Bud Quinn's hopes sank lower and lower, and his torch began to flare, and his horse to stumble with fatigue, his mind went back to his simple and tender thoughts in the time before Ma' Bowlin' was born, and the lost child was his own little baby again.

"Lord! but I hate ter leave ye, honey," he cried, "but Nig caynt skeercely walk. I'll come back quick's I kin."

The morning was dawning before he reached the store. There is always something dispiriting about the first gray dawn, and the forlornness of a cotton plantation when the mill has black unsightly wooden walls, showing gaps, and the whitewash is peeling off the sides of the stone, and a fog hangs over the drowned lands, was in this case increased by half a dozen muddy horses dropping their necks below the horns of their saddles by the stone fence. All night the search had gone on with no result. Ruffner was just in, bringing no news except that every cabin within ten miles had been visited in vain. He told Bud that Sukey was out searching. Three or four men had come out on the platform. They put their hands in their pockets, and looked at Bud curiously as he almost tumbled off his horse. He staggered and fell, in fact, when he tried to walk. They did not take their hands out of their pockets, and he got up painfully and leaned against a post. Lum Shinault, coming to the door, saw him and went back, to reappear directly with a steaming cup of coffee and a piece of corn bread.

"Ye hev ter eat 'em," he said. "I don' guess yo' much better off 'n yo' hoss. Say, got any other un 'cept the un Mis' Quinn on?"

"Naw," said Bud. "I'll hev ter try a bateau."

"Ye kin hev my gray ef ye like," said Lum.

Tears started to the broken man's eyes.

"I tell ye thet ar feller feels *bad,*" Lum told his wife later. "Needn't tell me he don't. He went off like a shot minnit he got his hoss; an' he done ben out sence yistiddy ev'nin'."

All day the search continued. Late in the afternoon, however, the worn-out searchers began to come in to the store. Last of all, Bud Quinn rode up on Shinault's horse. Mrs. Quinn was talking to Ruffner on the platform. Ruffner said, "Howdy? naw, we ain't f'und 'er *yit.*" And another man led his own horse away to make room for Bud; but Bud heard and saw nothing. He only looked miserably at his wife, and she turned away.

Lum Shinault brought a horse to Bud, saying, kindly: "Yere's yo' Nig; he are rested by this, an' I've fed 'im good. I knowed ye cudn't res' twell ye knowed sartin. But ye mus' eat fust; an' Miss Brand's fotchin' ye suthin'."

"I are 'bleedged ter ye, Lum," said Bud, almost sobbing. He took what the widow had brought, while she looked on grimly. Then he said: "Mis' Brand, I are goin'. Will ye kin'ly tell Sukey how she caynt want fur ter fin' Ma' Bowlin' mo'n me, nur be mo' wishtful ter be good ter 'er ayfterwuds?"

"All right," said the widow; "now ye talk, Bud Quinn. Pity ye didn't talk that a-way befo'; but better late nur never."

Bud was off before she finished. She could see him slip about in his saddle; in truth, he felt dizzy and weak, and what is worse, hopeless.

Hardly a rod beyond the mill he was joined by Ruffner, who remarked, carelessly, "Mought's well travel 'long tergether, goin' same way."

"Ef ye wanter," said Bud. "I'm goin' in the bottom."

They rode along, Ruffner furtively watching Bud, until finally the elder man spoke with the directness of primitive natures and strong excitement:

"Whut's come ter ye, Bud Quinn? Ye seem all broke up 'beout this yere losin' yo' little trick; yit ye didn't useter set no gre't store by 'er—least, looked like—"

"I knaw," answered Bud, lifting his heavy eyes, too numb himself with weariness and misery to be surprised—"I knaw; an' 'tar curi's to me too. I *didn't* set no store by 'er w'en I had 'er. I taken a gredge agin 'er kase she hadn't got no good sense, an' you all throwed it up ter me fur a jedgment. An' knawin' how I hadn't done a thing ter hurt Zed, it looked like cl'ar agin right an' natur' fur the Lord ter pester me that a-way; so someways I taken the notion 'twar the devil, an' thet he got inter Ma' Bowlin', an' I mos' cudn't b'ar the sight er thet pore little critter. But the day she got lost kase er tryin' ter meet up with me, I 'lowed mabbe *he* tolled 'er off, an' I sorter felt bad fur 'er; an'—an' w'en I seen them little tracks er her'n, some ways all them mean feelin's I got they jes broked off short insider me like a string mought snap. They done so. An' I wanted thet chile bader'n I ever wanted anything."

"Law me!" said Ruffner, quite puzzled. "But say, Bud, ef ye want 'er so bad's all thet, ye warn't wanter mad the Lord by lyin', kase He are yo' on'y show now. Bud Quinn, *did* ye hurt my boy?" He had pushed his face close to Bud's, and his mild eyes were glowing like live coals.

"Naw, Mr. Ruffner," answered Bud, quietly, "I never tetched a ha'r er 'is head!"

Ruffner kept up his eager and almost fierce scrutiny for a moment; then he drew a long gasping sigh, crying, "Blame my skin ef I don' b'lieve ye! I've 'lowed, fur a right smart, we all used ye mighty rough."

"'Tain't no differ," said Bud, dully. Nothing mattered now, the poor fellow thought; Ma' Bowlin' was dead, and Sukey hated him.

Ruffner whistled softly and dolefully; that was his way of expressing sympathy; but the whistle died on his lips, for Bud smote his shoulder, then pointed toward the trees.

"Look a-thar!" whispered Bud, with a ghastly face and dilating eyeballs: "Oh, Lord A'mighty! thar's her—an' *him!*"

Ruffner saw a boat leisurely propelled by a long pole approaching from the river side; a black-haired young man in the bow with the pole, a fair-haired little girl in the stern. The little girl jumped up, and at the same instant a shower of water from light-flying heels blinded the young man.

"Paw! paw!" screamed the little girl; "maw tole Ma' Bowlin'—meet up—paw!"

Bud had her in his arms now; he was patting her shoulder, and stroking her hair with a trembling hand. Her face looked like an angel's to him in its cloud of shining hair; her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were red, but there was something else which in the intense emotion of the moment Bud dimly perceived—the familiar dazed look was gone. How the blur came over that innocent soul, why it went, are alike mysteries. The struggle for life wherein, amid anguish and darkness, the poor baby intellect somehow went astray, and the struggle for life wherein it groped its way back to light, both are the secrets of the swamp, their witness; but however obscurely, none the less surely, the dormant soul had awakened and claimed its rights, and Ma' Bowlin' had ceased to be the baby forever.

Meanwhile, if possible, the other actors in the scene were equally agitated. The old man choked, and the young man exclaimed, huskily, "Paw! ye ain't dead, then?"

"Waal, I don't guess I be," said Ruffner, struggling after his old dry tone, though his voice shook; "did ye 'low I war?"

"I read it in a Walnut Ridge paper only a month ayfter I went: 'The late Mr. William Ruffner, er Clover Bend'—an' a right smart abeout ye—"

"Thet thar war yo' Uncle Raker, boy. He war on a visit like, an' died up; an' that ar blamed galoot in Walnut Ridge got 'im sorter mixed up with me, ye un'erstan'; but yo' maw, she are gone, boy, shore, died up an' burried."

"I kin b'ar hit," said Zed Ruffner; "but I *was* right riled up 'beout *you,* paw. 'Lef' all his property to his widder,' says the paper; thet ar riled me too. Says I, ye wun't see me very soon to Clover Bend—I was allers sorter ashy, ye know. Fur a fact, ye wouldn't 'a seen me now ef 't hadn't a-ben fur this yere little trick. I war on a trade boat near Newport, an' some fellers I know taken me off fur a night ter thar camp. They was stavers. Hit's 'way off in the swamp, twelve mile frum here; an' I was up befo' sun up, aimin' ter start back fur the river, w'en I heard the funniest sound, suthin' like a kid, 'Maw! maw!' Natchelly I listened, an' byme-by I follered ayfter it, an' whut shud I come on but a gre't big log, an' this here little critter settin' on't, hol'in' on by her two hands to a sorter limb growin' on the log, an' shore's ye live, with her gownd slung reoun' her neck, in a bundle. Lord knows how fur thet ar log had come, or whut sorter travellin' it made, but thar warn't a speck or a spot on thet ar gownd. 'Sall I cud do ter git 'er ter lemme pack it up in a bundle, kase she wudn't put 't on nohow; said the bateau was wet. So we warmed 'er an' fed 'er, an' I taken 'er long seekin' fur her kin; an'—wa'al, that's w'y I ar yere!"

Just as the big clock in the store struck the last stroke of six, Sukey Quinn, who had been cowering on the platform steps, lifted her head and put her hand to her ear. Then everybody heard it, the long peal of a horn. The widow from Georgia ran quickly up to Sukey and threw her arm about her shoulders. For a second the people held their breath. It had been arranged that whoever found the lost child should give the signal by blowing his horn, once if the searchers came too late, three times if the child should be alive. Would the horn blow again?

"It are Bud's horn!" sobbed Sukey, "He'd never blow fur onst! Hark! Thar't goes agin! Three times! An' me wudn't hev no truck with 'im; but he set store by Ma' Bowlin' all the time."

Horn after horn caught up the signal joyfully, and when the legitimate blowing was over, two enterprising boys exhausted themselves on a venerable horn which was so cracked that no one would take it. In an incredibly short time every soul within hearing distance, not to mention a herd of cattle and a large number of swine, had run to the store, and when at last the two horses' heads appeared above the hill, and the crowd could see a little pink sun-bonnet against Bud Quinn's brown jean, an immense clamor rolled out, the men tearing their throats with shouting, the women sobbing aloud, the children yelling their shrillest, cattle bellowing, and pigs squealing.

But there came a hush as Bud dismounted, and carrying Ma' Bowlin' walked up to his wife, and silently put the child in her arms.

"Oh, Bud! oh, Bud!" sobbed she, and before she looked at Ma' Bowlin' she clung to him and kissed him.

"It are all right, all right, Sukey," he kept repeating, while the tears ran down his tanned cheeks; "don' take on, honey."

"Laws!" sniffed the widow from Georgia, flapping some drops off her own face with the corner of her apron, "ef the critter ain't in her petticuts!"

Then came Ma' Bowlin's proud moment. She had her bundle tight clasped in her little arms, and now she undid it, displaying the brilliant frock. "Maw tole Ma' Bowlin'," she cried, "nawnaw mud hit, nawnaw muss hit; Ma' Bowlin' new gownd!"

"An' ef't hadn't a-ben fur the new gownd, sis," said the widow, "I reckon ye'd 'a never ben los'!"

"Nur fotched back Zed," Ruffner interjected, amid a general bewilderment.

"The Lord bless the gownd, then," said Bud Quinn; "an' the baby too!"

"Amen!" said William Ruffner.

OCTAVE THANET.

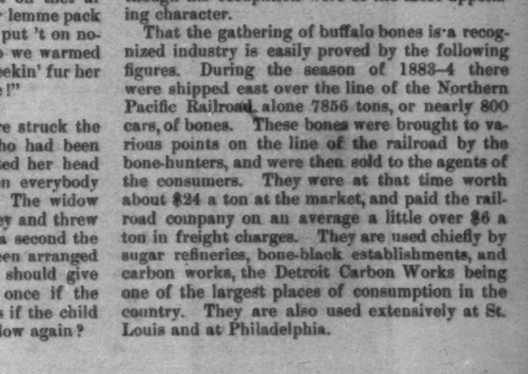
BONE-HUNTING ON THE PLAINS.

A FEW years ago, when buffaloes were more plentiful on the great Western plains than they are to-day or ever will be again, they were ruthlessly slaughtered by unsportsmanlike hunters, who gained the name of "skin-strippers," since their only motive in slaying the beasts was to secure their hides. There was always a great and steady demand for buffalo-robes, and the "skin-strippers" found their occupation as profitable as it was wanton and unjustifiable. The largest element of danger that entered into the pursuit was from the Indians; but, on the other hand, in a number of cases the Indians were co-operators with the white speculators in buffalo hides, and assisted in keeping the Eastern market well supplied.

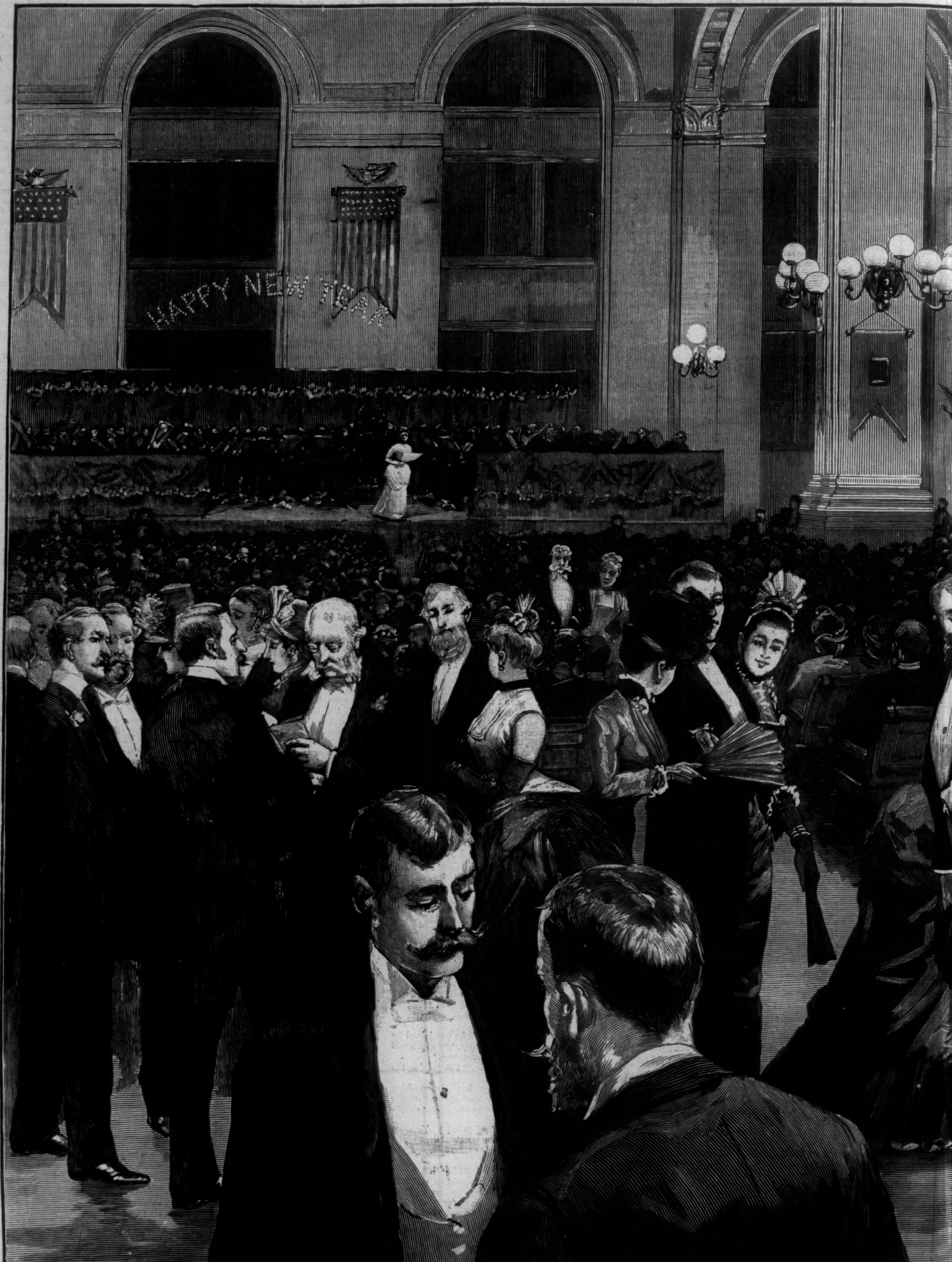
It is hardly necessary to say that the business of skinning buffaloes could not under any circumstances, nor with any amount of co-operation by the Indians, prove profitable or even self-supporting at the present time. The buffalo is fast becoming extinct, and such surviving members of his race as are left in the great Northwest have become wary and elusive. It will never again be possible for the enterprising "skin-strippers" to sweep down upon enormous herds of these noble though ungainly creatures and slaughter them by the score, leaving their skin-denuded carcasses to rot upon the plains, or furnish food for the wolves and coyotes. Realizing this fact, the "skin-strippers" have either taken up a new and less exciting occupation, and are now known as "bone-hunters," or have abandoned the buffalo industry altogether. The "outfit" of the bone-hunter is a familiar spectacle in the Territory of Montana and in other portions of the West where the slaughter of buffaloes by the wholesale has been of comparatively recent date. A picture of one of these scavengers of the plains is shown in this issue, and will be recognized as very familiar by all travellers through the Northwest.

Beyond question this old "bone-hunter" was formerly a "skin-stripper," and is retracing his way over the path of slaughter which he pursued several years ago. He has halted for the noonday meal, which he is preparing as unconcernedly, and will devour with as much relish, as though his occupation were of the most appetizing character.

That the gathering of buffalo bones is a recognized industry is easily proved by the following figures. During the season of 1883–4 there were shipped east over the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad alone 7856 tons, or nearly 800 cars, of bones. These bones were brought to various points on the line of the railroad by the bone-hunters, and were then sold to the agents of the consumers. They were at that time worth about $24 a ton at the market, and paid the railroad company on an average a little over $6 a ton in freight charges. They are used chiefly by sugar refineries, bone-black establishments, and carbon works, the Detroit Carbon Works being one of the largest places of consumption in the country. They are also used extensively at St. Louis and at Philadelphia.



BOXING MATCHES.



PROMENADE CONCERT ON NEW-YEAR'S EVE AT THE PRODUCE

EXCHANGE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 42.]

NEW-YEAR'S EVE AT THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

The First Ward has not been very much given to fashionable evening gatherings of late years. In the old days, when Fitz-Greene Halleck and N. P. Willis wandered about the Battery and extolled it, and when Jenny Lind sang in Castle Garden, there was fashion there; but it moved away, going far up beyond even the brown-stone side of the City Hall, and though there has been talk from time to time of a movement to bring it back, it has never permanently returned. But the promenade concert in the Produce Exchange on New-year's Eve must have recalled to many of the more venerable of New-Yorkers those days of social exaltation which the neighborhood of Bowling Green once knew. In recent times, to be sure, the First Ward has never been without a great and enthusiastic celebration on the eve of the new year, when it is customary for Broadway at midnight to be alive with people from St. Paul's Church to Whitehall Street, and for the chimes of Trinity to be drowned with the clamor of ten thousand fish horns; but this great and regularly recurring assemblage is to be described as popular rather than fashionable, and the celebration at the Produce Exchange is not the less unique because of it.

The new year came attended by stormy weather, but the success of the entertainment at the Exchange was not diminished by the untoward elements. The equivalent of the illumination of eight thousand candles was furnished by the electric lights. Rich decorations filled the great hall of the Exchange with brilliant color. There were hundreds of flags and bannerets, and voluminous hangings of crimson velvet embroidered and fringed with gold. A platform fifty feet wide and thirty deep afforded place for the Seventh Regiment Band and for the singers by whom the great assemblage was entertained. Above the heads of the band hung the enormous national flag belonging to the Exchange, said to be the largest flag that the city contains. Above the band, too, an arrangement of gas jets spelled out the legend "Happy New-Year." The great hall, which is admirably adapted for an entertainment of this character, was furnished with seats in sufficiency, and still ample room was afforded for the promenaders. It is rare for so large an assemblage to be made so comfortable. The guests were in evening dress, and the spectacle was exceedingly brilliant. Among those who honored the occasion were Mayor Grace, Ex-Mayor Edson, and Mayor Whitney of Brooklyn.

Long after the cessation of the street clangor with which New York is accustomed to usher the new year in, the electric blaze in the great building streamed from its broad windows far into the darkness and the rain, illuminating the vacant ways, and bringing the ancient warehouses strangely forth from their shadows, while the swell and crash of the band echoed through the unheeding neighborhood. A dozen Dutchmen playing a game of bowls on the little green across the street would hardly have seemed more peculiar.

THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH.

To tell adequately the story of the New South by pen and pencil in a short series of papers is impossible. To give an idea of the hospitality and good-will everywhere extended to the late party of tourists called the Harper party would be equally beyond the reach of ink and crayon. The most that can be accomplished is to give some outline notes that will in a way exhibit the spirit, the energy, the faith in the future, now animating that portion of the Union which has latest awakened to the knowledge of its immense capacities, and begun to develop its wonderful resources.

The Weekly has already set forth something of the beauty and of the industrial life of Lynchburg, Virginia, the first halting-place of the expedition. In the same manner it will now endeavor to speak of Richmond, Danville, Atlanta, and the other capitals and cities in its route. But the reader will understand that little more than the salient business and educational features can be sketched. The real life and physiognomy of the cities require more careful study and leisurely treatment. There is, however, this advantage in presenting connectedly and closely following each other the results of a rapid tour: it gives perhaps a more striking picture of the development and advance of the whole South.

There is nothing more interesting than the study of the vigorous life of communities under new conditions, and while the highest interest is perhaps to those engaged in the development, it is scarcely less to the spectators. In this case, when the spectators are of the same nation, alive morally, financially, and politically to everything that adds to the wealth and glory of the nation, the interest is coextensive with the United States.

Not in our time, scarcely in history, has there been in any land in less than a generation such a revolution in the one matter of labor, and all the social forces connected with it. Our day has seen many wonderful discoveries in distant fields, of riches the drawing out of which revived in mind the ancient stories of romance and adventure California and Australia were such fields. But here at the South, under simple agricultural conditions, people have lived for a century and a half little dreaming of the immense riches that lay beneath the soil, or that waited but the sympathetic touch of labor and capital. The discoveries the South has made and is making of itself and its own capacities forcibly strike the imagination. It is like a revelation to it that so many of the wants of an advanced civilization which have hitherto been satisfied only by importation can now be adequately met by home industry.

While it is true that the South, wasted by war, and for a time paralyzed by changed labor, needed and had much capital from abroad to start its development, it is gratifying to see how much of the industry is dependent on home capital. We noted this of Lynchburg. It is true also of Richmond and of Danville; a large proportion of the small industries, which furnish steady work to so many classes, and are the staple anchors in dull times for great staples, we found in our tour owed their origin to home energy. This shows that the whole people are taking hold of "work" with a will, and it is a prophecy of the most solid industrial achievements.

The Harper party desire to make the broadest and most sincere acknowledgments of the manner in which the South met its little expedition. The party were always made to feel that they were among friends, and no time or labor was spared to further their objects and to give them everywhere a right royal welcome. It was a welcome in the spirit of the broadest national feeling. The writers and artists can only show their appreciation of it by an effort to make others feel something of the hearty good-will extended to them, and of the enterprise and progress unfolded to them.

In its historic and picturesque aspects Richmond is eminent among all our cities. In the following paper what may be called its new life is necessarily most dwelt upon: its multiplying industries; its increasing business; its new homes for the working-people, especially for the lately enfranchised; and the utilization of home material, drawn from Virginia mountains and forests, in manufacturing. While in the larger Virginia cities the tobacco industry is still the leading single one, the traveller is struck by the diversity of occupations which furnish labor for all ages and classes. Charles Dudley Warner.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Situated one hundred miles from the sea, at the head of tide-water navigation on the James, which river furnishes an exhaustless and unlimited water-power, and surrounded by a rich agricultural country, the capital city of Virginia offers such exceptional advantages to manufacturing enterprises as to give it a most prominent position among the leading industrial centres of the United States. The best of granite is quarried within its corporate limits, inexhaustible mineral treasures await the pick of the miner a few miles from its founderies, and the State line of Virginia encloses vast tracts of virgin forest that stand ready to pay tribute to Richmond mills.

Twenty years ago the city contained less than forty thousand inhabitants, and only about three hundred manufactories, many of which had been called into existence by the war. Its business streets had just been swept by a devastating fire, it was bankrupt, and its people were poverty-stricken and stunned. Without stopping to mourn their dead or bewail their losses, they set to work with indomitable energy to retrieve their broken fortunes, to build a new city, and to fill it with new industries. The Richmond of 1886 contains a population of over eighty thousand souls; its taxable real estate is valued at $33,000,000, and its personal property at $13,000,000. Its 706 factories employ 18,500 operatives, in bodies of from 5 to 1400; and with an invested capital of $12,000,000, the annual product of these factories has a commercial value of $30,000,000.

The leading industry of the city now, as before the war, is the manufacture of tobacco, of which $10,000,000 worth is annually sent out from its factories. The capacity of some of these factories is enormous. That of P. H. Mayo & Brother turns out between four and five millions of pounds of plug tobacco, most of it "Navy," annually; the Old Dominion plug tobacco works have a yearly capacity of three millions of pounds; and the Banner Tobacco-Works manufacture fifteen thousand pounds of plug and twist daily. Pilkington & Co. produce a million and a half pounds of smoking tobacco annually; and a dozen other factories turn out an annual product of over a hundred thousand pounds each.

In going through a representative factory, such as that of the Mayos, the visitor is struck with the extreme neatness and order pervading every department, and the skilled intelligence by which the operations of the six hundred hands, nearly all of whom are colored, are directed. After being taken from the hogsheads in which it is received, the leaf tobacco is first sorted into its several grades; then it is stemmed, sweetened in a mixture of syrup and licorice, steam-dried, shredded, moulded into shapes, cut into dimensions, enveloped in leaf wrappers, weighed, pressed, tagged, and packed for shipment. All this work must be carried on in a temperature of about ninety degrees, as a single blast of colder air would unfit the prepared material for use, and it is all done with the utmost rapidity, precision, and cleanliness.

An interesting feature of those factories in which colored workers are employed is the singing, which on some days is almost continuous in such of the departments as are quiet enough to admit of it. Old plantation melodies and expressive negro hymns follow each other in rapid succession, and the work goes on all the faster for them. The music is generally a monotonous recitative by a single voice, followed by a grand chorus of a hundred or more voices, each perfect in its part. There is an intense musical rivalry between the hands of the several factories, and the acquisition of a good soloist by any one of them is hailed with joy.

The homestead of the Mayo family, which has been in their possession for nearly two hundred years, is one of the most famous historical places in Virginia. It was the ancient home of the powerful Indian chieftain Powhatan, and was the scene of Captain John Smith's deliverance from death by Pocahontas. Here in a grove of tall cedars may be seen the great stone beneath which Powhatan is buried, and a short distance from it is another stone, alleged to be the identical one upon which the head of the devoted white man was laid in preparation for his execution.

From a tobacco factory to a cigarette factory the transition is easy, and the visitor has but to step across the street from the Mayo building to Allen & Ginter's immense establishment, in which nine hundred white girls and a hundred men and boys make nearly two millions of cigarettes on every working-day during the year. This factory is also characterized by the extremes of neatness and system, and over the moral as well as the physical health of their operatives the proprietors exercise a careful supervision. Among the several beneficent schemes for their mental improvement is a large library filled with the best standard literature, from which every employée is entitled to take, and keep for two weeks at a time, such books as she chooses. It is a curious and interesting fact that Richmond-made cigarettes, having found their way to every nation of the earth using these tiny rolls of paper and tobacco, have finally been accepted as the best by the Sultan of Turkey, who is the generally acknowledged connoisseur in such matters, and who sends over large orders for them.

The immense establishment of the Kinney Tobacco Company is also located in Richmond, and gives employment to fourteen hundred operatives, most of whom are women.

Second only to the tobacco industry in importance are the iron interests of Richmond, which, besides being extremely valuable from a pecuniary point of view, occupy a historic position, and exercise a powerful influence throughout the South. So long as the Southern Confederacy remains a memory, the name of the Tredegar Iron-Works will be inseparably connected with it. Covering an area of sixteen acres, and giving employment to twelve hundred men, these works are among the largest of the kind in the country, and their pay-roll frequently amounts to $50,000 per month. The United States frigates *Roanoke* and *Colorado* were furnished with engines, boilers, and guns from these works, and so long ago as 1846 the Tredegar was the successful competitor against four other companies for a government ordnance contract. At the outbreak of the civil war this company again turned its attention to the casting of cannon and the manufacture of other munitions of war, and for four years it was the sole producer of these supplies in the Southern States, and was thus the backbone of the Confederacy. Now, with their old-time force redoubled in the service of peace, these great works are hastening the industrial development of the South by furnishing it with railway iron, spikes, fish-bars, car wheels, and cars. Some of the old plant for casting and boring guns still remains, but it is rapidly being broken up. As an evidence of the capacity and wide-spread connections of these works, it may be noticed that they recently furnished three hundred freight cars to the New York and New England Railway Company, of Boston. Their acres of heavy machinery are provided with driving power by the James River, and a large number of the men employed in the works are colored.

Across the river from the Tredegar Mills, on Belle Isle, notorious during the war as a prison for Federal soldiers, are the Old Dominion Iron and Nail Works, which are turning out twenty-five thousand tons of nails every year. Here is being erected the first Bessemer steel plant of the South, which goes into operation during the present month. Although its product will be largely used in making nails, it will also furnish all kinds of bridge work, machine steel, wire rods, and bar steel. About seven hundred workmen are here employed, and here too the James furnishes the power that drives the ponderous machinery.

Not least important among the great iron industries of Richmond are the works of the Tanner and Delaney Engine Company, which are the most extensive and complete of their kind south of Philadelphia. The business was founded directly after the close of the war, and from the humblest beginnings has grown until to-day its shops cover twelve acres, employ eight hundred men, and turn out three hundred steam-engines a year, besides locomotives, saw-mills, boilers, and quantities of gas machinery. The greatest novelty exhibited amid the countless objects of interest that crowd these twelve acres is the pole-road locomotive, which was invented in Montgomery, Alabama, and for the manufacture of which this company has the sole agency. It is a small locomotive provided with immensely wide double-flanged, chain-geared wheels, each of which revolves independently of the others on its axis, and has a lateral play of three inches, constructed for penetrating the remotest depths of swamps and forests in search of timber that would otherwise never reach the saw-mill. It is able to run at the rate of five miles an hour, on a grade of two hundred feet to the mile, over a track made of logs laid end to end and jointed together. In such a road no cross-ties nor iron are necessary, and it can be built at an expense of about $150 per mile. Although but recently introduced, these absurd-looking little locomotives are already in use in a dozen different localities through the South, and are giving a new impetus to the timber business wherever they go.

In 1869 Mr. William H. Parrish, of Richmond, began to manufacture wooden buckets and tubs on a small scale in one corner of the world-renowned building that used to be Libby Prison. When the wholesale dealers of the city refused to take his goods, he bought a couple of teams, and with one of his sons peddled his wares about the city at wholesale prices until he had forced a market. The business grew, and was moved across the river, where in 1877 the factory was swept away by a flood. It was rebuilt, and in 1884 was entirely destroyed by fire. Again it was rebuilt out from the city, near Powhatan's old home, where, as the Richmond Cedar-Works, it now occupies eight acres of ground, and employs three hundred men in the manufacture of tubs, pails, churns, measures, well buckets, etc. The firm now conducting the business owns 60,000 acres of timber lands in the great Dismal Swamp, from which they draw their raw material, and they find a market for their wares in every State of the Union, and in many foreign countries. They claim to have the largest and best-equipped wooden-ware factory in the world.

Another industry of which Richmond is justly proud, and which has advanced toward success with giant strides, is the Randolph Paper Box Factory, established in 1877, with seven hands, by a young man who knew absolutely nothing about the manufacture of paper boxes, but fancied that it was a business that he would like. He had only a few hundred dollars capital, but was possessed of an immense stock of energy, industry, and perseverance. As a result, he is to-day the largest maker of paper boxes for druggists' use in the United States, if not in the world. He employs a working force of three hundred girls and sixty-five men and boys, for whom he has provided a fine free library, and his factory turns out 125,000 boxes every day, and often 15,000 or 20,000 more. The demand for his work is always in excess of the supply, and his largest market is in New England and Canada.

Among the minor industries of Richmond is the only glue factory in the South, and the only paper-twine factory in the United States.

Although it is generally supposed that most of the flour exported from this country is made in the West, the oldest and one of the largest mills for the manufacture of export flour is located in Richmond, and its machinery is driven by the James. Founded in 1825, the Haxall Flouring Mills and "Haxall" flour are now known all over the civilized world, and their reputation is as untarnished to-day as at any time during the past seventy years.

Although but a few of Richmond's leading industries are here mentioned, they are sufficient to indicate the character of the great change which this most conservative of cities, and inferentially the whole South, is undergoing. The old order of things has passed away, and is almost forgotten. The new order has taken its place, and foremost among its promoters and supporters stands Richmond, a leader of the Industrial South, as twenty-five years ago she was of the Confederate South. Kirk Munroe.

THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE BILL.

By JAMES F. HUDSON,

Author of "The Railways and the Republic."

The Inter-State Commerce Bill, now pending before the Senate, is a combination of the two measures which have been urged for years as restraints upon abuses now almost universally acknowledged to exist in the prevailing methods of railway transportation. Against its main prohibition of the favoritism of giving certain shippers vital advantages in transportation, and its enactment of the rule of impartiality, no well-informed person has raised any objection. But two of its provisions—that with regard to the long and short haul, and the prohibition of pooling combinations—have evoked a storm of protests so remarkable in their character, and urged with so much persistence, as to call for attention.

Most of the arguments against the provisions on the relative charges for transporting the same class of freight for long and short distances imply a remarkable ignorance of the real nature of the bill. It seems almost incredible that any one should undertake to pass judgment upon proposed legislation without taking the trouble to find out what the legislation really is. But when we find railway men like Mr. Hughitt, of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, and newspapers like the New York *Graphic* and Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, opposing the measure on the ground that it requires the railways to charge the same rate per mile for transporting freight a long distance that they do on their local traffic, it is the most charitable explanation to suppose that they speak in ignorance. Such arguments would not require much notice if they were not urged with a persistence that produces a general misapprehension. The effect of this misrepresentation is shown in Cincinnati, where the commercial organizations and business men have been aroused to protest against the bill, and the resolutions, speeches, and interviews to be found in the press of that city show that the "outrage" is denounced on the sole foundation of the idea that Congress is attempting to enact that the railways must charge an equal mileage rate, or a hundred times as much for carrying freight a thousand miles as they do for carrying it ten miles. The opposition to railway regulation has presented many singular features, but nothing in it is more phenomenal than this earnest uprising of the city of Cincinnati in protest against a provision which the Inter-State Commerce Bill does not contain, and which no railway reformer ever committed the absurdity of proposing.

What the fourth section of the bill does enact is that, under similar conditions, a railway shall not make a greater charge, *in the aggregate*, for carrying the same class of freight a short distance, than for a longer one which includes the less, on the same lines and in the same direction. To illustrate, as far as this provision is concerned, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad can charge as high a rate per hundred pounds on lard from Cincinnati to Baltimore as from St. Louis; but it cannot bring St. Louis nearer to the seaboard than Cincinnati by carrying its products for actually less charges. It may establish the single rate for carrying a specified class of freight between any two of its stations, whether fifty or a thousand miles apart; but it must not commit the absurdity of charging more for transporting a car-load of grain from Cincinnati to Wheeling than from St. Louis to New York. As this re-

striction deals solely with the charge in the aggregate, it is evident that any such charge that would be burdensome on the remote shippers would be equally burdensome on the nearer ones. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew's declaration that this provision will depreciate the value of Western lands fifty per cent., ignores the fact that charges which will do that must also depreciate the value of Ohio or Illinois lands as much. The fear of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* that it may place "an embargo on the products of the more remote sections," implies a failure to see that if the rate of $2 per bale is an embargo on carrying the cotton of Tennessee to Mobile or New Orleans, the same charge is equally an embargo on the cotton of Mississippi and Alabama. The provision leaves the railways at liberty to fix their rates so as to attract traffic from all sections; but it does forbid them to lay such an embargo on the products of one section as is implied in an actually greater charge for carrying the grain of Ohio and Indiana to the seaboard than for carrying the grain of Iowa or Kansas thrice the distance. The provision still leaves room for great discriminations against the shorter hauls; but to assert that it requires the establishment of an equal mileage rate is little short of an imposition on public ignorance.

The opposition to the prohibition of pooling certainly shows some superiority to the other objection in a comprehension of what the bill means. The measure does not forbid an understanding between competing railroads as to the proper rate to be charged from a common point, but it does prohibit the pooling contracts which, by the union of such traffic in a single total or pool, and its division among the railoads by arbitrary percentages, seek to emancipate their rates from the regulation influence of competition. This is naturally objected to by the railway men, who are universally committed to the combination policy, and they unite in urging the doctrine that pooling is advantageous to the public interest in maintaining steady and uniform rates, and in preventing the discriminations which the railway theorists assert arise from railroad competition. The first branch of that argument is sufficiently answered by the fact that rates have never undergone such wild and violent fluctuations as since the inception of the pooling policy, that the ruinous rate wars which have vexed commerce and damaged legitimate railway interests were waged to enforce combination and suppress competition, and that the last act of the most prominent pooling organization in this country with regard to the uniformity of rates was to enact an arbitrary advance of fifty per cent. over the rates prevailing last summer.

The claim that pooling prevents discriminations is presented by a recent article in the *Independent*, which deserves commendation for the recognition of the rise of the Standard Oil Company as one of "the most shameful chapters in railway history," no less than it challenges admiration for its boldness in asserting that this injustice "would have been impossible under a well-organized pooling system." The usual railway apology for this wrong is adopted in the assertion that "the Standard Oil Company attained its dominant power by playing off one railroad against another—Central against Erie, Erie against Pennsylvania—extorting concessions which it was ruinous to grant, but which under the system of railway war it was still more ruinous to refuse." This sounds quite plausible, but as a basis for public judgment on the railway policy it suffers irretrievable wreck on collision with the real history of that monopoly. For it is a matter of record that while the Standard Oil Company still occupied only a commonplace position in the refining trade, the railways formed a combination to control the petroleum traffic, and to secure to another association of favorite shippers, known as the South Improvement Company, the monopoly afterward conferred upon the Standard by the same method of rebates, ranging from 40 cents to $3 per barrel, and the same guarantee of "protection against competition." That scheme was ruined by premature exposure, and more secret steps were taken in conferring the monopoly upon the Standard. At the inception of that favoritism the outside petroleum interests shipped more oil than the Standard, and had the same privilege of "playing off one railroad against another"; but it was the universal experience of that struggle that when the railroads were combined, the monopoly of the Standard was invincible, while whenever there was any approach to competition between the transportation routes the independent refiners, even after they had been nearly wiped out of existence, found their business increasing in volume and prosperity.

The imaginary character of the theory that this policy was enforced upon the railways to secure the business of the Standard is made apparent by the war which the New York Central and Erie railroads, at a time when they already had all the Standard traffic, waged in 1877 against the Pennsylvania Railroad for the temporary offence of carrying oil as cheaply for other refiners as for the Standard. That bitter warfare forced the organization of a pool composed of the same railroads and organized at the same date as the first trunk-line pool, which crushed out competition, made the Standard's monopoly complete, and conferred upon that monopoly nine-tenths of its present vast wealth. When in 1874 and in 1879 the railroads used all their vast power to obstruct and choke off the attempt of independent petroleum interests to reach the markets by pipe lines, they were not governed by any competitive necessity of gaining traffic, for they practically refused to carry this independent oil, and at the same time permitted the Standard to lay exactly similar lines without a note of opposition. No competitive necessity prompted this action; but the real motive was the illegitimate prizes of monopoly; and how vast that prize is is shown by the fact that the Standard's monopoly is now rated in the quotations of its stocks at between $300,000,000 and $400,000,000. All this was done by the combination of the four leading trunk lines, and it is maintained to-day by nearly every railway pool in the country. Recent railway history shows that the last disruption of the trunk-line pool permitted the rise of independent pipe lines and refineries, which reached the almost forgotten height of shipping petroleum to the seaboard for export, before the restoration of the pool permitted the Standard to adopt its avowed policy of squeezing them out of existence. Almost within the last year the transcontinental fight revealed the existence under that pool of flagrant discriminations in favor of the Standard, which terminated with the rupture of the pool, and were resumed with its restoration.

It is the salient fact that, far from the Standard Oil monopoly having been impossible under a well-organized pooling system, it would have been impossible except for that combination of competing lines which forms the essential feature of pooling. Where railroads are competing for business, one shipper's freight is just as valuable as another's; and while the Standard affords the most prominent example in which the combination of railways has established monopoly, it has plenty of parallels in the history of pooling. The Connellsville coke pool, which has practically put that whole business in the hands of a single syndicate, the Chicago live-stock "eveners'" pool, various bituminous coal pools, and the anthracite coal combination, all present examples of the most stable railway combinations, in which the prize to be obtained by a monopoly of the industry furnished the cohesive power of the pools. The fact that railway combination is necessary to establish a monopoly over any interest largely dependent upon transportation is so fully recognized that every one of the schemes now pending for repeating in other industries the policy that conquered the petroleum and coke interests specifies as its first step the organization of a railway pool for that purpose.

This is one of the gravest indictments against the pooling system, but it is by no means the only one. The bitter wars which have been waged to sustain the pools, the extravagant fluctuations in stock values which have accompanied its progress, and its effect, as stated by the late W. H. Vanderbilt, in "increasing the temptation to build unnecessary roads," show good grounds for thinking that it has been far from advantageous to the permanent interests of railway stockholders, while affording an explanation of the creation of immense fortunes for some railway managers during periods that were far from prosperous for their corporations. The creation of an irresponsible and unauthorized power over commerce, greater than that which Congress dare exert—for the railway pools advance rates at a single meeting more than the long and short haul provision which has created such a stir will do—together with its nullification of charter limitations, are also weighty objections from the public point of view. But they are not greater than the enormity of the social principle that the greatest aggregations of capital must be protected against the competition which fixes the price at which every farmer must sell his products and every workingman his labor. What more direct stimulant can be furnished to the anarchist idea that our nation is governed in the interest of the wealthy classes than to allow corporate policy to override the common-law prohibition of contracts in restraint of competition, and to ignore the "constitutional prohibition of monopolies" pointed out by Justice Morton half a century ago? Such an inequality becomes peculiarly vicious when the exemption from competition, impossible to the farmer, the shop-keeper, and the laborer, is secured to the greatest and most perfectly organized concentrations of capital through the control of the highways of commerce granted to them by the extreme act of the sovereignty for the express purpose of establishing public highways.

There is no intention of defending the Inter-State Commerce Bill as a perfect measure. It remains to be settled by experience whether any restrictive legislation can prevent abuses that are so firmly rooted in the system as to defy common-law, State constitutions, and the charter obligations of the railways themselves; and it is even more an experiment whether a commission constituted by political influences will possess either the energy or the power to set these evils right. But it is at least a sincere effort to begin the reform—an attempt to present some obstacles to the process by which the unrestrained control of the highways of commerce is concentrating wealth in the hands of the few to the detriment of the many. If the public interests are to prevail, a measure which makes such an attempt cannot be defeated by raising an outcry against provisions which it does not contain, or by arguments which ignore the most prominent facts in the commercial history of the past ten years.

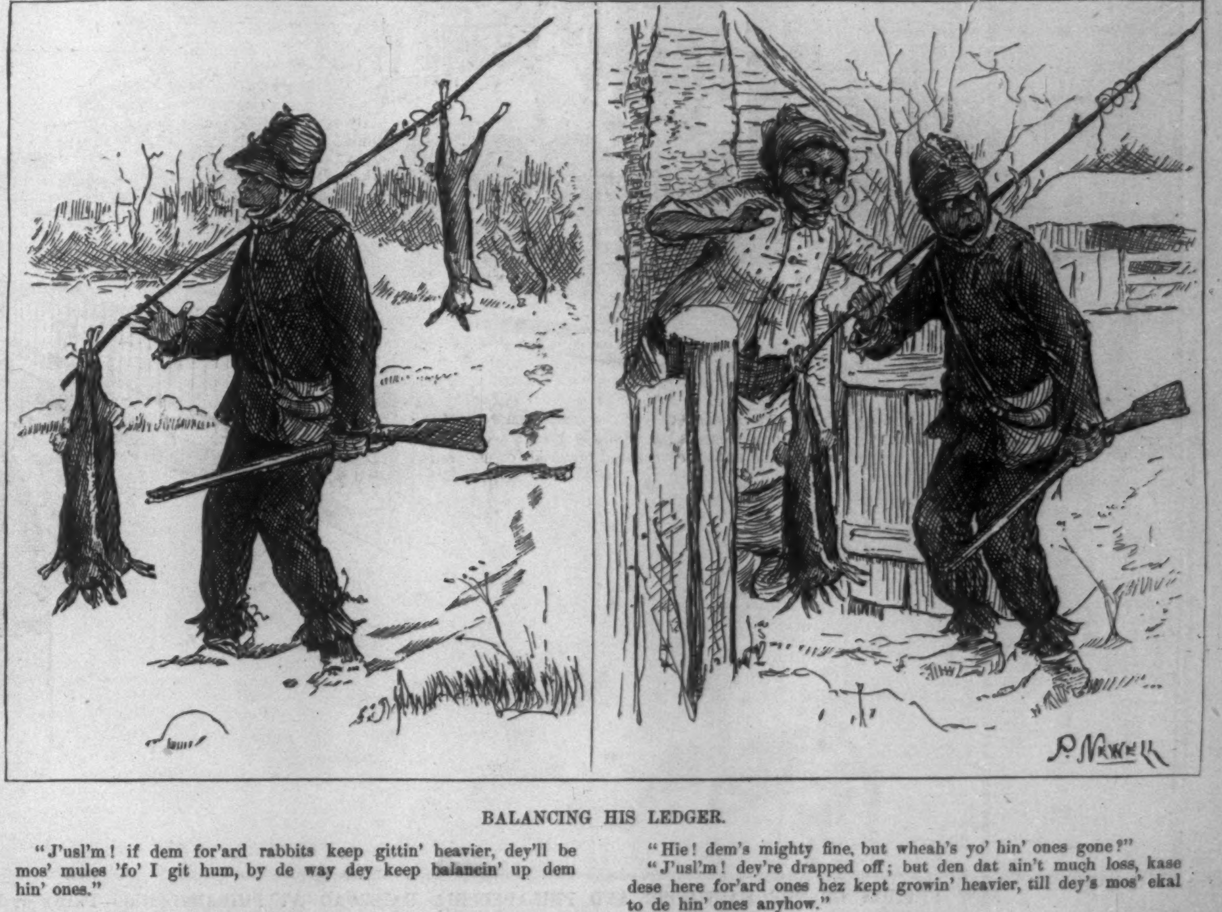
THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Young Women's Christian Association of the city of New York was founded about fifteen years ago. It had its quarters in several places before it established itself, ten years since, at No. 7 East Fifteenth Street, upon the site which it still occupies. The first building which it occupied at No. 7, however, was not the building in which its labors are now conducted. That was an ordinary dwelling-house, rearranged to suit the purposes of the Association as they were ten years ago. In those ten years the Association has grown beyond expectation, and something more than a year ago it became so unmistakably apparent that the young women needed more space and more conveniences that the old house was pulled down, and a new structure was begun in the place of it.

The new structure has only recently been completed. The ladies had $125,000 to expend upon a new building, and no more; but the amount has proved ample. It is a very satisfactory structure which the architect, Mr. R. H. Robertson, has created for the Association's uses. He had a plot of ground 75 by 104 feet to build upon, and he covered the whole area with his first story. To be somewhat technical, for the sake of perspicacity and brevity, the analysis of the new building is as follows:

On the rear, covering a space 50 by 75 feet, is what the architect styles a chapel, but what the ladies prefer and intend shall be known as a hall. It is lighted by two dome-shaped skylights at either end—a method of lighting that is both novel and effective. Its treatment is in the Adams style, all the ornament being in very low relief, of *papier-maché*, with a light salmon tint on the walls. A feature of the hall is the fine organ. The case of this is elaborate, and is treated in the same style as the hall, being ornamented with musical emblems in *papier-maché*. The pipes are overlaid in two colors of gold, without other decoration. The main entrance to the chapel is through a central hallway leading from the street door. On either side of this hallway are executive offices, the social parlor, and industrial and employment rooms occupying the rest of the first floor space. In the second story, the main part of the floor space left after taking out the space given to the chapel, which runs through two and a half stories, is occupied by the library, which extends across the front of the building, and has galleries at either end, under which are the reading and pamphlet rooms, and adjoining on one side a waiting-room and on the other a librarian's room. In the next story, which is a half or mezzanine story, the upper parts of the chapel and library take up nearly the whole of the available space. What little remains is used for storage and committee rooms. The third and fourth stories are occupied by class-rooms and studios, except one room in front, which is fitted up for the Board of Directors. The whole building is heated by steam, and is furnished with a perfect system of natural ventilation. There is an elevator, and an electric plant for lighting. The stairways and all the bearing construction of the building are iron, though it is not fire-proof otherwise. The treatment of the interior is simple and substantial, in keeping with the character of the building, and with an eye to the minimum of expense; still it is very pleasing, the wood-work of antique oak, and the tinting of the walls harmonizing well and giving an air of quiet and refinement. The exterior of the building is of Belleville stone and pressed brick, the first story being entirely of stone. The exposed roof is covered with red Akron tile. The appearance from the street is sufficiently imposing and altogether inviting.

The work of the Young Women's Christian Association is too generally known, perhaps, to warrant more than an outline notice. Nevertheless, a sight of the busy interior of this fine new building in Fifteenth Street is calculated to astonish one, no matter what one's understanding may have been of the work that goes on there. The extent and variety of that work make it fairly bewildering to the eye, whatever its effect might be, through the poor medium of description, upon the indifferent imagination. One of the suggestive reports of the various committees charged with the conduct of the Association's affairs is that of the Committee on Education and Entertainment. By this it appears that during the last two months 300 pupils have been attending the various classes—such as classes in commercial arithmetic, book-keeping, phonography, retouching photo-negatives, in photo-color, crayon, drawing, technical design, type-writing, clay-modelling, and choir music. Another suggestive report is that concerning the Bible class, which has included 1500 regular and transient members in the past year. The Association is especially proud of its Bible class. It is called as well regulated and as well instructed a class as any that exists, and it is unique in being the largest Bible class of women in the country. The Association library has 10,000 volumes, and with the new accommodations expects to increase the number to 25,000 in the near future. It is a particularly cheerful library, and its selection of books is very general, providing for many tastes. It is well known, of course, that the Association carries on a very extensive business in finding employment for women. There are large classes in dress-making and in various allied industries. No pupil in the Association is at any expense, except for material.



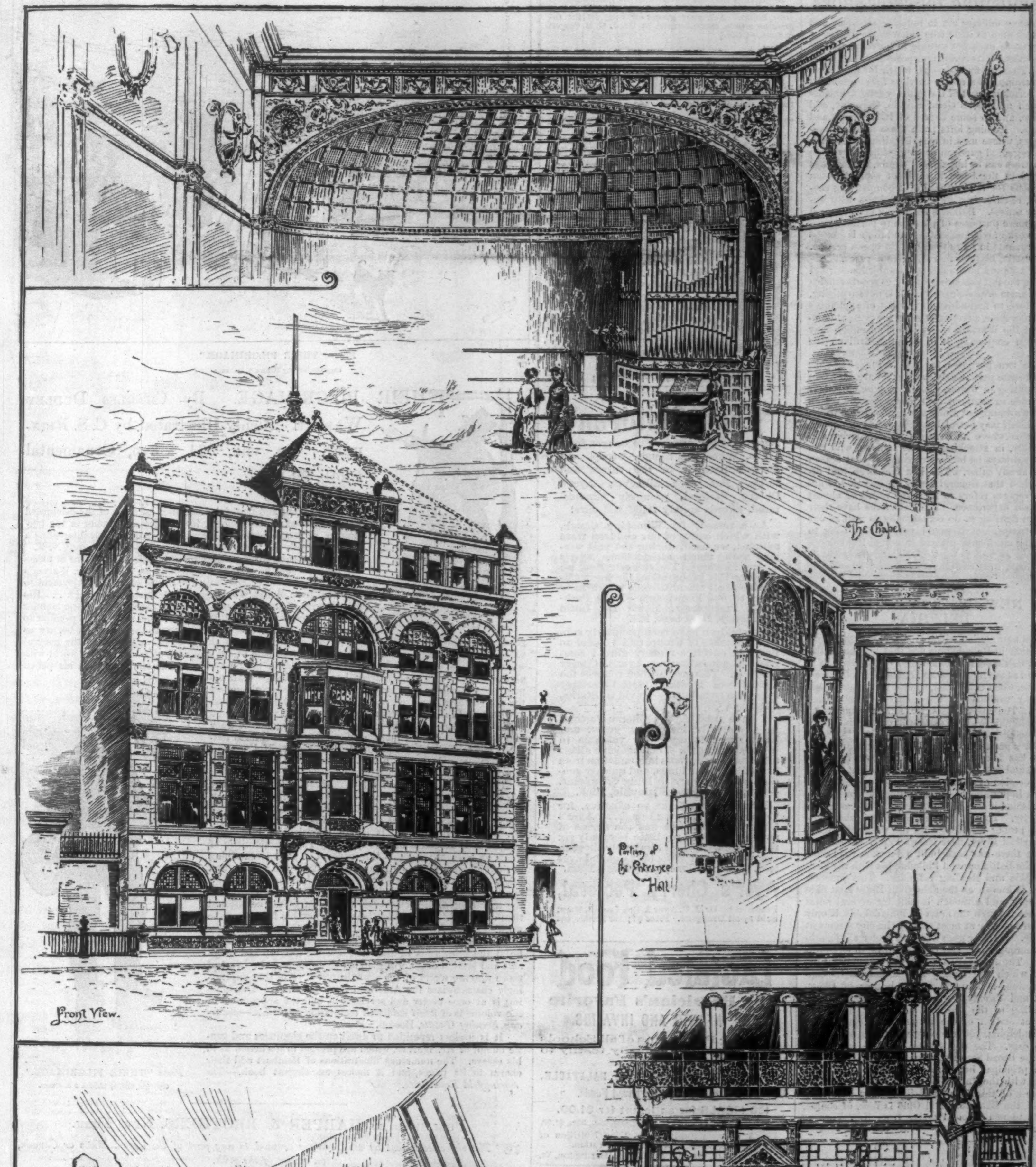
BALANCING HIS LEDGER.

"J'usl'm! if dem for'ard rabbits keep gittin' heavier, dey'll be mos' mules 'fo' I git hum, by de way dey keep balancin' up dem hin' ones."

"Hie! dem's mighty fine, but wheah's yo' hin' ones gone?"
"J'usl'm! dey're drapped off; but den dat ain't much loss, kase dese here for'ard ones hez kept growin' heavier, till dey's mos' ekal to de hin' ones anyhow."

CANADIAN MILITIA SKIRMISHING ON SNOW-SHOES.—Drawn by J. Macdonald.—[See Page 46.]

NEW STATION OF THE BALTIMORE AND PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD AT PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by F. E. Lummis.—[See Page 46.]



THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 43.]

SKIRMISHING ON SNOW-SHOES.

MODERN military art in reducing pipe-clay and the lock-step to their true subordinate degree of importance does not scruple to borrow auxiliary appliances for its serious purposes from any quarter. Thus we find pigeons, which for ages have been trained as message carriers for amusement, now forming a part of the military establishments of such nations as Great Britain, Germany, and France, and to some degree of Italy, Spain, and Russia. Homing lofts train these military messengers, whose uses in carrying despatches from a beleaguered garrison or an expeditionary force in distress can be imagined. Again, we find dogs trained in the barrack yards of some German garrisons for the purpose of accompanying sentinels, re-enforcing their watchfulness with superior senses. Balloons have long been rescued from mere purposes of pleasure to perform military work in reconnoissances, and there is a corps of aeronauts in more than one European service. In Austria, bicycles and tricycles have been formally adopted in the military establishment, and during the last practice manœuvres scouts mounted on them outrode cavalry. It is not surprising, therefore, to find added to this list of appliances the snow-shoe, as represented in the present number of the WEEKLY, where Canadian militia may be seen employing it in skirmish drill on the snow.

The two purposes for which the snow-shoe would seem particularly serviceable are, first, that of scouting in winter, when it may be extremely desirable to push out reconnoissances toward an enemy's camp, not along the regular roads which he himself may patrol, but across the snow-covered fields where he suspects no approach; and secondly, in attacking hostile Indians, who can nearly always be better overcome at that season than at any other. This last fact is so well established that General CROOK in one of his annual reports refers to it as the result of almost uniform experience. The Canadians have their Indian fighting to do occasionally as well as our own troops, and it would not be surprising to find the snow-shoe utilized in actual frontier operations as well as for drill. Cumbersome as it may look, it is remarkably light for wearing or carrying.

A NEW STATION AT PHILADELPHIA.

THE new station which is now in course of construction in Philadelphia for that portion of the great Baltimore and Ohio railway system which is known as the Baltimore and Philadelphia Railroad will be, when completed, what a great many huge railway stations are not—an ornament to the city. The architect is Mr. FRANK FURNESS, of Philadelphia, and the depot will cost in the neighborhood of $150,000 or $200,000.

For a good many years the Baltimore and Ohio road has fought for an entrance into Philadelphia, and finally having obtained a right of way, the location of the station became a question of much importance. The site which was eventually selected is one of the best and most central in the city. The Baltimore and Philadelphia Railroad property terminates on the west side of the Schuylkill River, near Gray's Ferry. From that point there has been built a junction road uniting the Baltimore and Philadelphia with the Philadelphia and Reading railroads. This junction road is known as the Schuylkill River East Side Railway, and although it runs for several miles almost through the heart of Philadelphia, it only crosses one, or at most two, of the city streets at grade. It either goes above or under all the other thoroughfares, and is a skilful bit of engineering. The new station, which was begun last July, and which will occupy fully a year in its construction, is situated at the corner of Chestnut and Twenty-fourth streets. Instead of ascending to the train, as you do at the Broad Street station of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Philadelphia, you are obliged to descend to take the cars. The new station is within ten blocks of the Broad Street station, and is on the line of the principal horse railroads. By its connection with the Philadelphia and Reading road by means of this Schuylkill River East Side Railroad, the Baltimore and Ohio is now, of course, able to run through trains from New York to the West.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
IN DEBILITY.
DR. W. H. HOLCOMBE, New Orleans, La., says: "I found it an admirable remedy for debilitated state of the system, produced by the wear and tear of the nervous energies."—[Adv.]

COUGHS AND HOARSENESS,
AND IRRITATION OF THE THROAT,
Which induce coughing, are immediately relieved by the use of *Brown's Bronchial Troches.* They are indispensable to speakers and singers. Price 25 cents. *Sold only in boxes.*—[Adv.]

A FEARFUL LEAP
Into the abyss of poverty over the precipice of shortsightedness is taken by thousands who might become wealthy if they availed themselves of their opportunities. Those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will be informed, free, how they can make from $5 to $25 a day and upwards. Some have made over $50 in a day. You can do the work and live at home wherever you are located. Both sexes; all ages. All is new. You are started free. Capital not needed. Now is the time. Better not delay. Every worker can secure a snug little fortune.—[Adv.]

CURE FOR THE DEAF.
PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable, and always in position. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials, Free. F. HISCOX, 853 B'way, N. Y.—[Adv.]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS is known as the great regulator of the digestive organs all over the world. Have it in your house. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[Adv.]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[Adv.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Your Children
Are constantly exposed to danger from Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, and diseases peculiar to the throat and lungs. For such ailments, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, promptly administered, affords speedy relief and cure.

As a remedy for Whooping Cough, with which many of our children were afflicted, we used, during the past winter, with much satisfaction, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For this affection, we consider this preparation the most efficacious of all the medicines which have come to our knowledge.—Mary Parkhurst, Preceptress, Home for Little Wanderers, Doncaster, Md.

My children have been peculiarly subject to attacks of Croup, and I failed to find any effective remedy until I commenced administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This preparation relieves the difficulty of breathing and invariably cures the complaint.—David G. Starks, Chatham, Columbia Co., N. Y.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for many years, and have found it especially valuable in Whooping Cough. This medicine allays all irritation, prevents inflammation from extending to the lungs, and quickly subdues any tendency to Lung Complaint.—J. B. Wellington, Plainville, Mich.

I find no medicine so effective, for Croup and Whooping Cough, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It was the means of saving the life of my little boy, only six months old, carrying him safely through the worst case of Whooping Cough I ever saw.—Jane Malone, Piney Flats, Tenn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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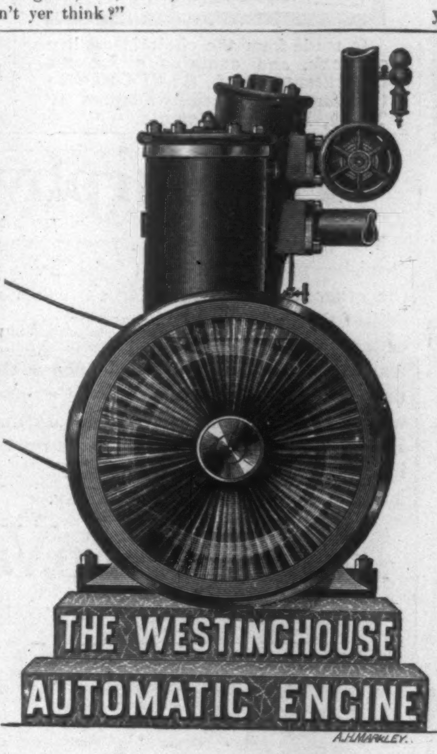

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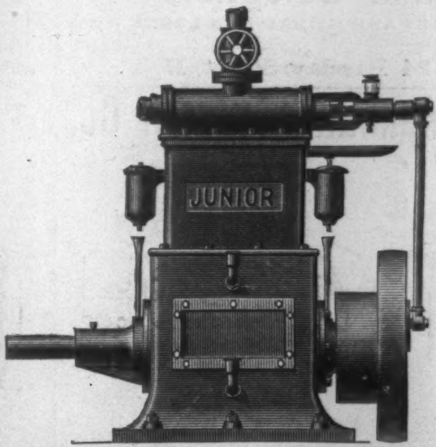

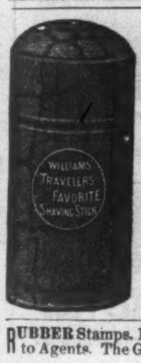

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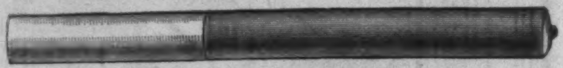

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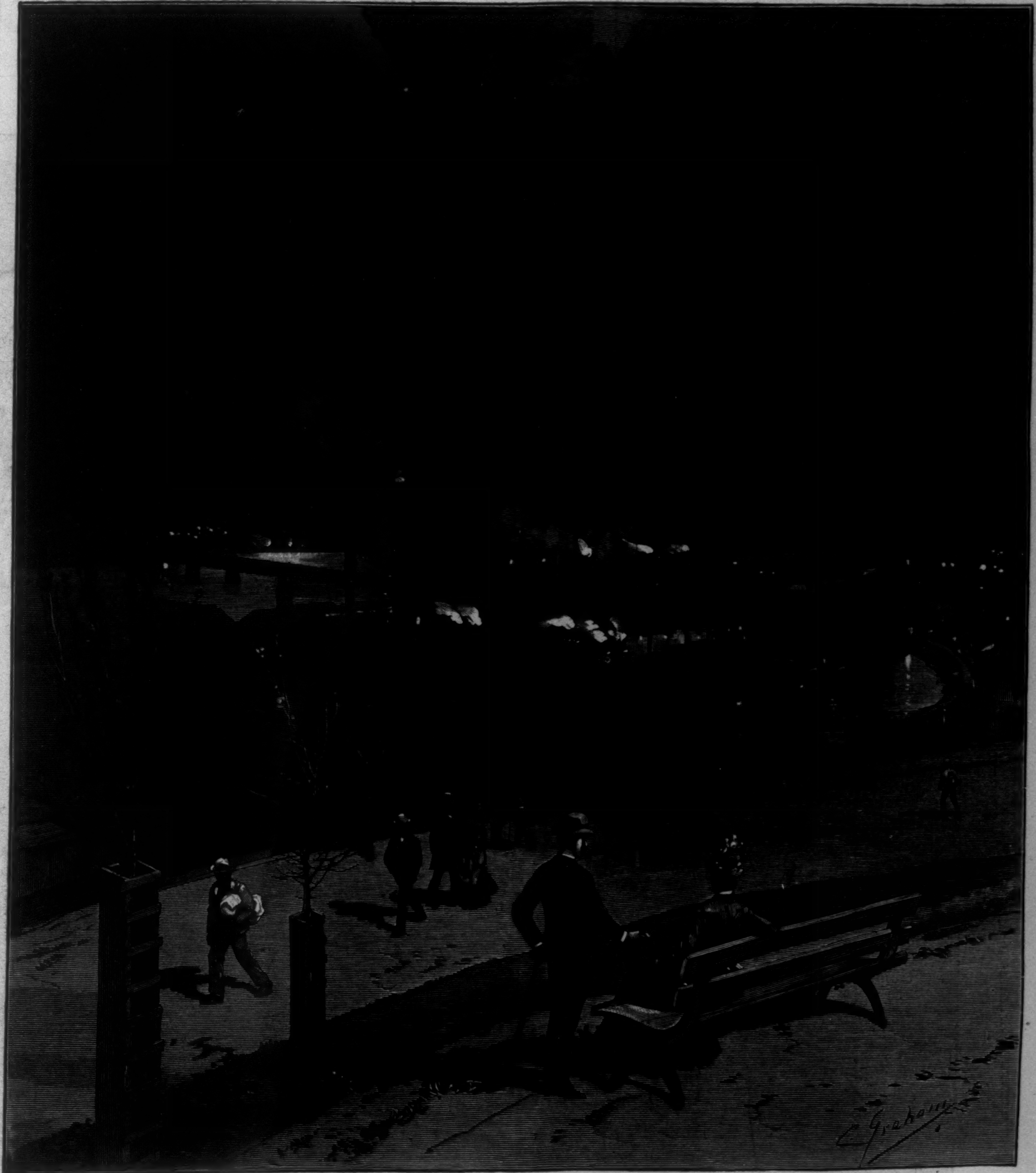

RICHMOND—THE TREDEGAR IRON-WORKS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Article "The Industrial South," Page 42.]

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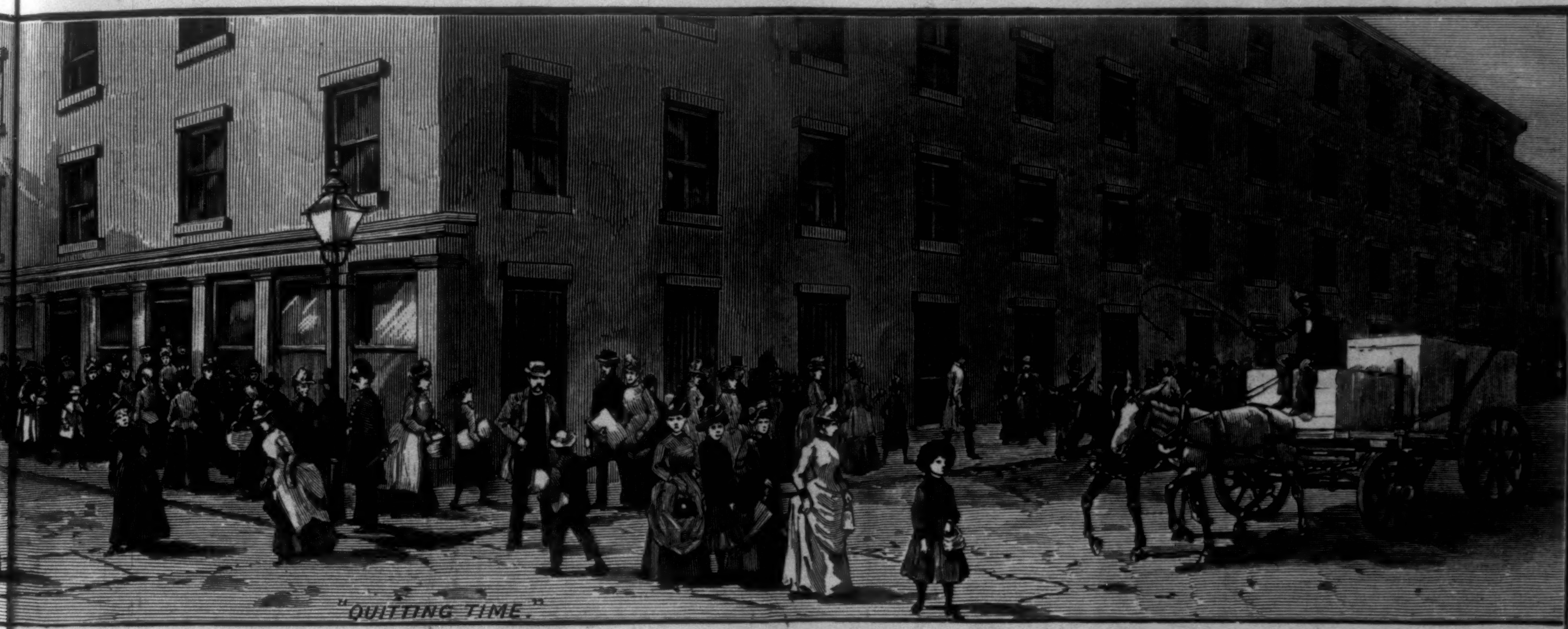
"QUITTING TIME."

...n Durkin.—[See Article "The Industrial South," Page 42.]